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FOR

Classes in English Literature, Reading, Grammar, etc.

EDITED BY EMINENT ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SCHOLARS.

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SHAKESPEARE'S

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR, WHAT YOU WILL

WITH

INTRODUCTION, NOTES, AND PLAN OF PREPARATION.

(SELECTED.)

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BY BRAINERD KELLOGG, LL.D.,

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OTHELLO.
TWELFTH NIGHT.

OTHERS IN PREPARATION.

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EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE text here presented, adapted for use in mixed classes, has been carefully collated with that of six or seven of the latest and best editions. Where there was any disagreement those readings have been adopted which seemed most reasonable and were supported by the best authority.

The notes of English editors have been freely used. Those taken as the basis of our work have been rigorously pruned wherever they were thought too learned or too minute, or contained matter that for any other reason seemed unsuited to our purpose. We have generously added to them, also, wherever they seemed to be lacking.

B. K.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.

From a Drawing by J. W. Archer

GENERAL NOTICE.

"AN attempt has been made in these new editions to interpret Shakespeare by the aid of Shakespeare himself. The Method of Comparison has been constantly employed; and the language used by him in one place has been compared with the language used in other places in similar circumstances, as well as with older English and with newer English. The text has been as carefully and as thoroughly annotated as the text of any Greek or Latin classic.

"The first purpose in this elaborate annotation is, of course the full working out of Shakespeare's meaning. The Editor has in all circumstances taken as much pains with this as if he had been making out the difficult and obscure terms of a will in which he himself was personally interested; and he submits that this thorough excavation of the meaning of a really profound thinker is one of the very best kinds of training that a boy or girl can receive at school. This is to read the very mind of Shakespeare, and to weave his thoughts into the fibre of one's own mental constitution. And always new rewards come to the careful reader—in the shape of new meanings, recognition of

thoughts he had before missed, of relations between the characters that had hitherto escaped him. For reading Shakespeare is just like examining Nature; there are no hollownesses, there is no scamped work, for Shakespeare is as patiently exact and as first-hand as Nature herself.

"Besides this thorough working-out of Shakespeare's meaning, advantage has been taken of the opportunity to teach his English—to make each play an introduction to the ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE. For this purpose copious collections of similar phrases have been gathered from other plays; his idioms have been dwelt upon; his peculiar use of words; his style and his rhythm. Some Teachers may consider that too many instances are given; but, in teaching, as in everything else, the old French saying is true: *Assez n'y a, s'il trop n'y a.* The Teacher need not require each pupil to give him *all* the instances collected. If each gives one or two, it will probably be enough; and, among them all, it is certain that one or two will stick in the memory. It is probable that, for those pupils who do not study either Greek or Latin, this close examination of every word and phrase in the text of Shakespeare will be the best substitute that can be found for the study of the ancient classics.

"It were much to be hoped that Shakespeare should become more and more of a study, and that every boy and girl should have a thorough knowledge of at least one play of Shakespeare before leaving school. It would be one of the best lessons in human life, without the chance of a polluting or degrading experience. It would also have the effect of bringing back into the too pale and formal English of modern times a large number of pithy and

vigorous phrases which would help to develop as well as to reflect vigor in the characters of the readers. Shakespeare used the English language with more power than any other writer that ever lived—he made it do more and say more than it had ever done; he made it speak in a more original way; and his combinations of words are perpetual provocations and invitations to originality and to newness of insight."—J. M. D. MEIKLEJOHN, M.A., *Professor of the Theory, History, and Practice of Education in the University of St. Andrews.*

Shakespeare's Grammar.

Shakespeare lived at a time when the grammar and vocabulary of the English language were in a state of transition. Various points were not yet settled; and so Shakespeare's grammar is not only somewhat different from our own but is by no means uniform in itself. In the Elizabethan age, "Almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech. An adverb can be used as a verb, 'They *askance* their eyes;' as a noun, 'the *backward* and abysm of time;' or as an adjective, 'a *seldom* pleasure.' Any noun, adjective, or neuter [intrans.] verb can be used as an active [trans.] verb. You can 'happy' your friend, 'malice' or 'foot' your enemy, or 'fall' an axe on his neck. An adjective can be used as an adverb; and you can speak and act 'easy,' 'free,' 'excellent;' or as a noun, and you can talk of 'fair' instead of 'beauty,' and 'a pale' instead of 'a paleness.' Even the pronouns are not exempt from these metamorphoses. A 'he' is used for a man, and a lady is described by a gentleman as 'the fairest *she* he has yet beheld.' In the second place, every variety of apparent grammatical inaccuracy meets us. *He* for *him*, *him* for *he*; *spoke* and *took* for *spoken* and *taken*; plural nominatives with singular verbs; relatives omitted where they are now considered necessary; unnecessary antecedents inserted; *shall* for *will*, *should* for *would*, *would* for *wish*; *to* omitted after '*I ought*,' inserted after '*I durst*;' double negatives; double comparatives ('more better,' &c.) and superlatives; *such* followed by *which* [or *that*], *that* by *as*, *as* used for *as if*; *that* for *so that*; and lastly some verbs apparently with two nominatives, and others without any nominative at all."—Dr. Abbott's *Shakesperian Grammar.*

Shakespeare's Versification.

Shakespeare's Plays are written mainly in what is known as *unrimed*, or *blank-verse*; but they contain a number of riming, and a considerable number of prose, lines. As a general rule, rime is much commoner in the earlier than in the later plays. Thus, *Love's Labor's Lost* contains nearly 1,100 riming lines, while (if we except the songs) *Winter's Tale* has none. *The Merchant of Venice* has 124.

In speaking we lay a stress on particular syllables: this stress is called *accent*. When the words of a composition are so arranged that the accent recurs at regular intervals, the composition is said to be *metrical* or *rhythmical*. Rhythm, or Metre, is an embellishment of language which, though it does not constitute poetry itself, yet provides it with a suitably elegant dress; and hence most modern poets have written in metre. In blank verse the lines consist usu-

ally of ten syllables, of which the second, fourth, sixth, eighth, and tenth are accented. The line consists, therefore, of five parts, each of which contains an unaccented followed by an accented syllable, as in the word *attend*. Each of these five parts forms what is called a *foot* or *measure;* and the five together form a *pentameter*. "Pentameter" is a Greek word signifying "five measures." This is the usual form of a line of blank verse. But a long poem composed entirely of such lines would be monotonous, and for the sake of variety several important modifications have been introduced.

(*a*) After the tenth syllable, one or two unaccented syllables are sometimes added; as—

"*Me-thought* | *you said* | *you nei* | *ther lend* | *nor bor* | *row.*"

(*b*) In any foot the accent may be shifted from the second to the first syllable, provided two accented syllables do not come together.

"*Pluck' the* | *young suck'* | *ing cubs'* | *from the'* | *she bear'.* | "

(*c*) In such words as "yesterday," "voluntary," "honesty," the syllables *-day*, *-ta-*, and *ty* falling in the place of the accent, are, for the purposes of the verse, regarded as truly accented.

"*Bars' me* | *the right'* | *of vol'-* | *un-ta'* | *ry choos'* | *ing.*"

(*d*) Sometimes we have a succession of accented syllables; this occurs with monosyllabic feet only.

"*Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark.*"

(*e*) Sometimes, but more rarely, two or even three unaccented syllables occupy the place of one; as—

"*He says* | *he does,* | be-ing *then* | *most flat* | *ter-ed.*"

(*f*) Lines may have any number of feet from one to six.

Finally, Shakespeare adds much to the pleasing variety of his blank verse by placing the pauses in different parts of the line (especially after the second or third foot), instead of placing them all at the ends of lines, as was the earlier custom.

N. B.—In some cases the rhythm requires that what we usually pronounce as one syllable shall be divided into two, as *fi-er* (fire), *su-er* (sure), *mi-el* (mile), &c.; *too-elve* (twelve), *jaw-ee* (joy), &c. Similarly, *she-on* (-tion or -sion).

It is very important to give the pupil plenty of ear-training by means of formal scansion. This will greatly assist him in his reading.

PLAN OF STUDY

FOR

'PERFECT POSSESSION.'

To attain to the standard of 'Perfect Possession,' the reader ought to have an intimate and ready knowledge of the subject. (See opposite page.)

The student ought, first of all, to read the play as a pleasure; then to read it over again, with his mind upon the characters and the plot; and lastly, to read it for the meanings, grammar, &c.

With the help of the scheme, he can easily draw up for himself short examination papers (1) on each scene, (2) on each act, (3) on the whole play.

1. The Plot and Story of the Play.

(*a*) The general plot;

(*b*) The special incidents.

2. The Characters: Ability to give a connected account of all that is done and most of what is said by each character in the play.

3. The Influence and Interplay of the Characters upon each other.

(*a*) Relation of A to B and of B to A;

(*b*) Relation of A to C and D.

4. Complete Possession of the Language.

(*a*) Meanings of words;

(*b*) Use of old words, or of words in an old meaning;

(*c*) Grammar;

(*d*) Ability to quote lines to illustrate a grammatical point.

5. Power to Reproduce, or Quote.

(*a*) What was said by A or B on a particular occasion;

(*b*) What was said by A in reply to B;

(*c*) What argument was used by C at a particular juncture;

(*d*) To quote a line in instance of an idiom or of a peculiar meaning.

6. Power to Locate.

(*a*) To attribute a line or statement to a certain person on a certain occasion;

(*b*) To cap a line;

(*c*) To fill in the right word or epithet.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

THIS delightful comedy, which was first published in the folio collection of 1623, was long supposed to be one of its author's latest compositions. But in 1828 there was discovered in the British Museum a manuscript diary of a student of the Middle Temple, recording the performance of the play at a Candlemas feast In 1602 ; and, as Meres' list, 1598, does not include this comedy, we are warranted in concluding that it was written some time between 1598 and 1602.

The serious portions of the plot appear to have been imitated from an Italian comedy, founded on one of Bandello's novels, and having the general title of *Il Sacrificio*. The Rev. Joseph Hunter, in his *New Illustrations of Shakespeare*, suggested this source, and the suggestion is well supported by the analysis he gives of *Il Sacrificio*, the chief portion of the analysis being as follows :—

"Fabritio and Lelia, a brother and sister, are separated at the sack of Rome in 1527. Lelia is carried to Modena, where resides Flamineo, to whom she had formerly been attached. Lelia disguises herself as a boy, and enters his service. Flamineo had forgotton

Lelia, and was a suitor to Isabella, a Modenese lady. Lelia in her male attire is employed in love embassies from Flamineo to Isabella. Isabella is insensible to the importunities of Flamineo, but conceives a violent passion for Lelia, mistaking her for a man. In the third act Fabritio arrives at Modena, when mistakes arise, owing to the close resemblance there is between Fabritio and his sister in male attire. Ultimately recognitions take place ; the affections of Isabella are easily transferred from Lelia to Fabritio ; and Flamineo takes to his bosom the affectionate and faithful Lelia. . . . We have in the Italian play a subordinate character, named Pasquella, to whom Maria corresponds ; and, in the subordinate incidents, we find Fabritio mistaken in the street for Lelia by the servant of Isabella, who takes him to her mistress's house, exactly as Sebastian is taken for Viola, and led to the house of Olivia. . . . *Malvolio* is a happy adaptation from *Malevolti*, a character in the *Il Sacrificio*. A phrase occurring in a long prologue or preface prefixed to this play in the Italian (*la Notte di Beffana*) appears to me to have suggested the title *Twelfth Night*."

On the evening of the Twelfth Day after Christmas (the *Epifania* or Epiphany, commemorating the Visit of the Magi), shows and festivities prevailed in England as well as on the Continent ; and Shakespeare, very possibly, in naming his play, judged it suitable

as an entertainment for such occasions as Twelfth Night.

This play, like many others of Shakespeare's, has a double plot. A twin brother and sister (Sebastian and Viola) are wrecked in a voyage in the same ship, and each unknown to the other is rescued.

The sister Viola is in love with the Duke of Illyria, upon whose coast she has been wrecked, and enters his service in disguise as a page. But the Duke is in love with a countess named Olivia, and sends the supposed page to carry his love messages to her. Olivia, however, complicates matters further by falling in love with the supposed page. Now Olivia's uncle, Sir Toby Belch, has a foolish and rather dissolute friend, named Sir Andrew Aguecheek, whom he is persuading to pay attentions to Olivia. The latter has vowed that she will mourn for her dead brother and receive no suitors for seven years ; and Sir Toby, seeing his own candidate discredited, and the page in favor with Olivia, picks a quarrel with the page, and in jest sets up Sir Andrew to fight him. Just as the duel is coming off, the friend of Viola's twin brother appears on the scene, and, thinking that he sees Sebastian about to fight with a more experienced man than himself, he intervenes and rescues the supposed boy. Sir Andrew, however, is again spurred on to attack Viola, but this time falls in, not with Viola, but with her brother, who breaks Sir Andrew's head. Shortly

after, this brother Sebastian meets Olivia and marries her secretly, Olivia, of course, mistaking him for his disguised sister. Next day the Duke, with Viola in attendance, comes to pay his addresses to Olivia. She begs Viola to declare the marriage, but Viola naturally denies it. During this complication Sebastian enters to make his apologies for the brawl with Sir Toby. Explanations ensue, and the Duke and Viola, and Sebastian and the Countess Olivia, are of course duly matched.

The second plot is much simpler. Olivia has a house steward named Malvolio, who has a very great dislike to Sir Toby Belch, and his friend Sir Andrew Aguecheck, because they drink and make riot in the house. He remonstrates with them, and thus also incurs the enmity of Olivia's maid, Maria, for she is in love with Sir Toby. The result is, that Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, the fool Feste, and Maria, all join together in a conspiracy to punish him. Maria drops a letter in his way, purporting to be from her mistress, Olivia, expressing great affection for him, and begging him if he returned her love to smile at her and to wear yellow stockings and to appear cross-gartered. All these things Malvolio does, and the Countess supposes him mad. He is accordingly bound and put in a dark room and exceedingly fooled by the Clown, who, however, at last carries a letter for him to his mistress, which induces her to see him,

and, on his presenting the letter he picked up, the mystery is made clear, and he goes off vowing vengeance. Fabian now declares Sir Toby's marriage with Maria.

The love matters in this play are abundant, various, and interesting to a degree. First, Viola's love for the Duke. Her affection for him grew up while she was serving him.

The process, though rapid, is natural. Viola gains his heart quickly by her good service. She is musical, and the Duke being very fond of music, in three days she is no stranger, as the other attendants observe, and so the Duke takes her into his full confidence, as he could not have done with a lady. This confidence inspires affection, and three days' service produces love.

The next love matter to be noticed is that of Olivia for Viola in her assumed character as page (Cesario). This is a very curious affair altogether, because Olivia is so dignified and stately a lady, and because Cesario's mission to her is so very unpleasing that it might almost be expected to render the message distasteful. But Olivia is charmed by the frank modesty of the boy, and he takes her captive at once.

The Duke's hopeless passion for Olivia is very beautifully expressed all through. He at least follows his own maxim, that the man should be the elder, in mar-

rying Viola at the end. Probably Olivia is nearer his own age.

Malvolio's love affair, which brings him into such derision, and indeed puts him into ludicrous predicaments throughout, can hardly be regarded as genuine at all.

Sir Toby Belch finds something congenial in Maria's love of the comic. Fabian is guilty of a good-natured untruth when he states that Sir Toby's great importance caused Maria to write the letter, and that he married her in recompense ; for it is to be observed that Maria proposed the trick herself, and that Sir Toby admires her all through. He has many pet names for her, as "youngest wren of nine," "little villian," and so forth.

As regards Olivia's affection for Sebastian, one can but hope that he may daily become more and more like the twin-sister who did his wooing for him (he certainly does not resemble her greatly in character, though he is so like her in face), or that Olivia may change her standard a trifle, and prefer more masculine qualities.

The characters in *Twelfth Night* are all as distinct from each other, or from any that occur in other plays, as Shakespeare's invariably are.

Sir Toby Belch seldom appears on the stage entirely sober, and more than once he appears exceedingly drunk, When he is reasonably sober, but withal refreshed and cheered with a cup of sack, he is not only

witty, but has the art of inventing and carrying out very ingenious devices. Indeed, such a delight does Sir Toby take in his little conspiracy for causing Sir Andrew and Viola each to be terrified by the other that he actually sacrifices to it the last hope of carrying through another scheme, for bringing about a marriage between Sir Andrew and his niece; that is if he ever was really serious in that matter, and was not merely keeping Sir Andrew hanging on for the purpose of sponging upon him. Of his wit in his treatment of Sir Andrew there can be no question. Sir Andrew is so great a fool that, apart from Sir Toby, he must necessarily have been a very great bore; but Sir Toby has the power of drawing amusement even from the slow, unoriginal, imitative, thick-headed creature who acknowledges that many do call him fool. This is done by flattering Sir Andrew's self-love at one time, and rousing his jealousy at another; setting him up to brag, and laughing at him when Maria "puts him down;" lashing him into rage (with a suggestion that he may safely vent it), and then rousing all his latent cowardice, and showing up the abject fear of which the man can be capable. We may observe, however, that Sir Toby is faithful to his boon companion; he brags *for* Sir Andrew, as well as provokes him to brag, and in act i. sc. 3 does not allow Maria to say any harm of him. There seems some sense of kindliness even in the man who takes gray Capilet on false pretenses from his

foolish friend, and who boasts, "I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong or so." Note his behavior when Viola first begins to hope that her brother lives, and, torn with conflicting doubts, exclaims—

> "Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true
> That I, dear brother, now ta'en for you

As soon as he sees her sorrow he acts with kindliness and consideration, and draws Sir Andrew and Fabian away that she may be alone with her grief—"Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian," etc. Sir Toby is by birth a gentleman, and commonly his gentlemanly instincts come to the front as here; but, having spent all his life in carousing, he naturally falls somewhat from his original social position. Sir Toby's marriage with Maria does credit to his good sense. It seems improbable that he could have married a lady if he had wished it, or that happiness would have accrued to either party from such a contract. Sir Toby preferred the company of his intellectual inferior as a friend, and it appears natural that he should choose his social inferior as a wife. It is remarkable that while Sir Toby, in his indignation with Malvolio, is helping Maria in her trick, so that he may avenge himself, on the other hand is unconsciously falling into her toils.

Sir Toby is witty, ingenious, scheming, and drunken,

faithful to his friend, and honorable in his dealing with the woman he loves, though so far lost to self-respect that he can behave disgracefully before the rich niece, whom it would be good policy to conciliate. Still his irresistible humor and his uproarious fun will always make us like him, with all his faults.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek is a fitting name for "an ass-head, a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-faced knave and a gull," the poor creature who is the mere echo of Sir Toby in word and deed throughout the play; one who considers Sir Toby quite the best model to copy. He is *imprimis* a fool, next a fool to be such a coward, and further a bigger fool to be so quarrelsome when he is so cowardly. He is indeed a fool of many kinds. Though he would fain believe himself a good dancer, clever, and brave, yet at times he has misgivings of his powers; for he recognizes himself as "a foolish knight" when Malvolio makes use of that expression, and freely admits to Sir Toby and Fabian, "Many do call me fool."

Feste, the jester, the "corrupter of words," is a perfect philosopher in his way; he is a man who can more clearly descry the faults and follies of others, and ridicule them, than anyone else in the play. He holds his own for individuality of character; he is, for instance, utterly unlike the fool in *King Lear*. He is fond of drink, and is a bold beggar, obtaining money from Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Sebastian. He is a born actor;

witness his management of the part of Sir Topas, and the way he takes off affectations of expression.

Malvolio is represented as a thoroughly honest and conscientious servant and one who is implicitly trusted by his mistress, and is worthy of her confidence in every respect. The worst accusation that Olivia ever brings against him is, "Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio!" and her appreciation of his services is shown by her remark when she is afraid that he is mad, "Let some of my people have a special care of him; I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry." Still his whole bearing shows an inclination to tyrannize.

Malvolio appears either as a man to be laughed at for his follies, and to be justly held in ridicule for his insufferable conceit, or he poses as a martyr on account of the very severe treatment he receives for yielding for the moment to the temptation of his besetting sin. Lamb seems somewhat to have adopted the latter view, and has drawn a very favorable picture of Malvolio. This was probably due to his accepting the reading of a particular actor, viz., Bensley. In the first instance Lamb considers that Malvolio's rebuke to the drinking party is sensible and spirited, but there is surely a want of sense in speaking so disrespectfully to "my lady's kinsman" and his friend. He addresses them as "my masters," and accuses them of turning Olivia's house into an alehouse, and singing cozier's catches. All

this is not in Olivia's message, which he proceeds to deliver with, "*I* must be round with you." Further, he rebukes Maria; not content with offending the drinkers, he must needs make an enemy of the lady's maid, over whom he is unable to establish his authority. This conduct seems more injudicious and bumptious than sensible and spirited. The Duke's expression, "Pursue him and entreat him to a peace" is surely rather the effect of the tradition that a comedy ends with a general making up of wrongs than an intimation of estimable qualities on his part. "He argues," says Lamb, "highly and well with the supposed Sir Topas." True, he appears to have had some education, and he may well make the best of it in the hope of getting released from chains, darkness, and straw. But should not this very education have taught him to speak civilly to Cesario, a gentleman, and a friend of the Countess?

Malvolio is "sick of self-love." This is what renders him "cold, austere, and repelling." But his coldness degenerates into rudeness, and his austerity into tyranny; for he adopts a bullying tone towards the licensed fool; and he intends, as he expresses himself in the soliloquy, which is listened to from the box-tree, to behave very superciliously, as soon as he shall get the opportunity, to his betters in position. That with these qualities he should be repellant is not wonderful.

Orsino, Duke of Illyria, is represented as the victim of an unrequited attachment. He is calm and dignified, as befits his high station, and is a cultured gentleman, with a strong love of music. His tone of mind is melancholy and despondent. He needs a confidante and sympathy, and gets both from Viola.

It is a somewhat favorite expedient of Shakespeare's to clothe his female characters in men's attire. Portia, Imogen, and Rosalind all adopted it for different reasons. Of these three characters, the one whose surrounding circumstances are least unlike Viola's is Rosalind. But Rosalind is loquacious where Viola sighs in silence, and she has far less self-command; for she faints at a catastrophe, whereas Viola remains calm. Viola's wit is perhaps a trifle forced at times, but Rosalind's is ready at a moment's notice, and flows on uninterruptedly. Her love is more *realistic* than Viola's. Viola's has a higher tone and a different standard altogether—the one being the kind of passion a girl might be expected to entertain towards a lover who was a good wrestler; the other the affection of a lady for a highly-cultured and fastidious gentleman.

Viola's grief for Sebastian does not cause her to brood, or make her mind less active. She is very prompt in conceiving her project, and carries it out with remarkable determination. While her ready wit teaches her to simulate well the saucy boy, her womanly tenderness reveals itself in many pathetic

speeches. She is, as she declares, "very comptible;" and, as Sebastian said of her, "She bore a mind that envy could not but call fair." It is only the self-loving Malvolio that finds her "of a very ill manner."

Comparing Viola with Olivia, it is to be noticed that Olivia is filled with a morbid grief for her brother. She makes a luxury of woe, and the fool gives her his opinion pretty strongly on the subject. Feste, the professional jester, however, fails entirely in rousing her to a contest of wit. This is left for Viola to do. Viola breaks down the wall of separation which Olivia has raised up between herself and her suitors when bowed down by her sorrow, and disgusted with Sir Toby's choice of a candidate for her hand.

Viola proves to her that, though Orsino cannot replace the dead brother, yet her heart is not so entirely buried in his grave but that it may yet be awakened to love. Olivia's tone of mind is essentially dignified, and her grief adds calmness to dignity. Yet she necessarily gives Cesario the hint of her own affection for him, because she has the advantage of him by position. Hence we have the singular spectacle of a stately lady of high position making advances to a page. Her favorable impression of him dates from the discovery that he is a gentleman, and it would follow, from what has been said, that the intimacy between two such characters had in it no element of familiarity.

To conclude. Viola is affectionate, prompt, determined, modest, and witty. She has a quick appreciation of character, and can make herself master of circumstances. Viola has a true sense of pathos.

Olivia is also affectionate, but her sense of pathos is morbid, and makes her languid. She does not make herself master of circumstances, but is led by them. Olivia's innate dignity causes her to resolve not to be followed by a tribe of suitors, but she is overcome and led captive at once by Cesario.

Sebastian bears but a faint resemblance to Viola. In place of her saucy words he has a ready weapon. There is a trifle of similarity in the way in which each takes the supposed death of the other—Viola by implication wishing herself in Elysium with her dead brother, and Sebastian saying he and his sister were born in the same hour, "Would we had so ended." But Viola is more ideal, and her speeches flow naturally in verse; while Sebastian is more realistic, and his conversation is principally prose. He has not Viola's merry wit.

The friendship between Antonio and Sebastian is as strongly marked as that between Antonio and Bassanio in the *Merchant of Venice*. Antonio and Bassanio are, however, more like equals, and possibly are contemporaries. When Bassanio gets into debt he borrows of Antonio as a friend, addresses him in dissuasion of his signing the "merry bond" as an equal,

and looks to him for sympathy in his own love affairs. When the catastrophe is impending, Antonio expects Bassanio to be present, not from any hope of his bringing aid, but to be a support and comfort in the moment of affliction. Antonio offers Bassanio "purse, person," and all he has but honor; stakes his credit for him, runs every risk, and, having rescued Bassanio from his difficulties, is prepared to die with dignity and resignation, if only he is sustained by the presence of the man for whom he has done so much. Antonio of *Twelfth Night*, on the other hand, rescues the life of his young fellow-passenger by a bold feat of activity. Impelled by a desire for sympathy, the boy confides to him those personal matters which Antonio is too delicate to inquire into. This touches Antonio's heart, and he extends to the young Sebastian a sort of elder-brotherly protection throughout; gives him money, finds him a lodging, runs into danger in the street seeking him, and finally gets thrown into prison while defending him with the sword.

Maria is pert and imperious always, and a crafty schemer. She has very considerable powers of repartee, which she exercises freely on Sir Andrew. Of Sir Toby she is fond from the beginning, though she scolds him in the first scene in which they appear together. In another scene she tries at first to calm his drunken excitement, but cannot resist bringing him more drink when he calls for it, apparently with the intention of

annoying Malvolio. She originates the trick upon the house-steward, and leaves the credit of it to Sir Toby and his friends; whether because she is afraid of Olivia's anger, or because she would ingratiate herself with Sir Toby, does not appear. The final conclusion is inevitable. She succeeds in her aim, and marries him. One may prognosticate that his affection will last; for she will establish a complete ascendancy over him, and will govern him kindly and firmly—hers being obviously the ruling mind of the two.

Of this comedy Halliwell-Phillipps says, "The perfection of English comedy, and the most fascinating drama in the language. . . . It was appreciated at an early period as one of the author's most popular creations. There is not only the testimony of Manningham—a student of the Middle Temple, who saw it performed, and wrote of it in his dairy—in its favor, but Leonard Digges, in the verses describing this most attractive of Shakespeare's acting dramas, expressly alludes to the estimation in which the part of Malvolio was held by the frequenters of the theater."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, Duke of Illyria, also called the Count.
SEBASTIAN, brother to Viola.
ANTONIO, a Sea-Captain, friend to Sebastian.
A Sea-Captain, friend to Viola.
VALENTINE, } gentlemen attending on the Duke.
CURIO, }
SIR TOBY BELCH, uncle to Olivia.
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.
MALVOLIO, steward to Olivia.
FABIAN, } servants to Olivia.
FESTE, a Clown, }
OLIVIA, a rich Countess.
VIOLA, sister to Sebastian ; when disguised appears as Cesario.
MARIA, Olivia's woman.
Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and Attendants.

SCENE: *A city in Illyria, and the sea-coast near it.*

TWELFTH NIGHT.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A room in the* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and other* Lords; Musicians *attending.*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken and so die.
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor! Enough; no more:
'T is not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou!
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy
That it alone is high fantastical.

Curio. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Curio. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have:
Oh, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence!
That instant was I turn'd into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE.

How now! what news from her?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veilèd walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. Oh, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers:
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, *a* Captain, *and* Sailors.

Viola. What country, friends, is this?
Capt. This is Illyria, lady.
Viola. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?
Capt. It is perchance that you yourself were sav'd.
Viola. Oh, my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.
Capt. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.
Viola. For saying so, there 's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
Capt. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
Viola. Who governs here?
Capt. A noble duke, in nature as in name.

Viola. What is his name?

Capt. Orsino.

Viola. Orsino! I have heard my father name him. He was a bachelor then.

Capt. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 't was fresh in murmur,—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Viola. What 's she?

Capt. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since, then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say she hath abjur'd the company
And sight of men.

Viola. Oh, that I serv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Capt. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the duke's.

Viola. There is a fair behavior in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I 'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I 'll serve this duke:

Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him:
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Capt. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I 'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Viola. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A room in* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

Sir Toby. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care 's an enemy to life.

Maria. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir Toby. Why, let her except before excepted.

Maria. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir Toby. Confine! I 'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Maria. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir Toby. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Maria. Ay, he.

Sir Toby. He 's as tall a man as any 's in Illyria.

Maria. What 's that to the purpose?

Sir Toby. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Maria. Ay, but he 'll have but a year in all these ducats: he 's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir Toby. Fie, that you 'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Maria. He hath, indeed, almost natural: for, besides that he 's a fool, he 's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 't is thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir Toby. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Maria. They that add, moreover, he 's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir Toby. With drinking healths to my niece: I 'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he 's a coward and a coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo! for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir Andrew. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir Toby. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir Andrew. Bless you, fair shrew.

Maria. And you too, sir.

Sir Toby. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir Andrew. What's that?

Sir Toby. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir Andrew. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

Maria. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir Andrew. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir Toby. You mistake, knight: "accost" is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir Andrew. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of "accost?"

Maria. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir Toby. And thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again.

Sir Andrew. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Maria. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir Andrew. Marry, but you shall have; and here 's my hand.

Maria. Now, sir, "Thought is free:" I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir Andrew. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what 's your metaphor?

Maria. It 's dry, sir.

Sir Andrew. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what 's your jest?

Maria. A dry jest, sir.

Sir Andrew. Are you full of them?

Maria. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit.*

Sir Toby. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir Andrew. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir Toby. No question.

Sir Andrew. An I thought that, I'd forswear it. I 'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir Toby. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir Andrew. What is "*pourquoi?*" do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting: oh, had I but followed the arts!

Sir Toby. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir Andrew. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir Toby. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir Andrew. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

Sir Toby. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff.

Sir Andrew. Faith, I 'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be,

it 's four to one she 'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir Toby. She 'll none o' the count: she 'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there 's life in 't man.

Sir Andrew. I 'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir Toby. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

Sir Andrew. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir Toby. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir Andrew. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir Toby. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir Andrew. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir Toby. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under a star of a galliard.

Sir Andrew. Ay, 't is strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colored stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir Toby. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir Andrew. Taurus! That 's sides and heart.

Sir Toby. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper: ha! higher: ha, ha! excellent! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

Val. If the duke continue these favors towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Viola. You either fear his humor or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love: is he inconstant, sir, in his favors?

Val. No, believe me.

Viola. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho?

Viola. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them there thy fixèd foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Viola. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.
Viola. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?
Duke. Oh, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.
Viola. I think not so, my lord.
Duke. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
Viola. I 'll do my best
To woo your lady: [*Aside*] yet, a barful strife!
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter MARIA *and* CLOWN.

Maria. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a

bristle may enter in way of thy excuse: my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clown. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colors.

Maria. Make that good.

Clown. He shall see none to fear,

Maria. A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of "I fear no colors."

Clown. Where, good Mistress Mary?

Maria. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clown. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Maria. Yet you will be hang'd for being so long absent; or, to be turn'd away,—is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clown. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

Maria. You are resolute, then?

Clown, Not so, neither; but I am resolv'd on two points.

Maria. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins fall.

Clown. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria.

Maria. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

Clown. Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit."

Enter LADY OLIVIA *with* MALVOLIO.

God bless thee, lady!

Olivia. Take the fool away.

Clown. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Olivia. Go to, you 're a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clown. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for, give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry: bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that 's mended is but patch'd: virtue that transgresses is but patch'd with sin; and sin that amends is but patch'd with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no true cuckold but calamity, so beauty 's a flower. The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Olivia. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clown. Misprison in the highest degree! Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum*; that 's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Olivia. Can you do it?

Clown. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Olivia. Make your proof.

Clown. I must catechise you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Olivia. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

Clown. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Olivia. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clown. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Olivia. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clown. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Olivia. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clown. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Olivia. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he 's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagg'd. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Olivia. Oh, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be

generous, guiltless, and of free disposition is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon bullets: there is no slander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clown. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Maria. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Olivia. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Maria. I know not, madam: 't is a fair young man and well attended.

Olivia. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Maria. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Olivia. Fetch him off, I pray you; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit* MARIA.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit* MALVOLIO.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clown. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for,—here he comes,—one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.

Enter SIR TOBY.

Olivia. By mine honor, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir Toby. A gentleman.

Olivia. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir Toby. 'T is a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle-herring! How now, sot!

Clown. Good Sir Toby!

Olivia. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir Toby. Lechery! I defy lechery. There's one at the gate.

Olivia. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir Toby. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it 's all one. [*Exit.*

Olivia. What 's a drunken man like, fool?

Clown. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Olivia. Go thou and see the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he 's in the third degree of drink, he 's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clown. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he 's fortified against any denial.

Olivia. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. Has been told so; and he says he 'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he 'll speak with you.

Olivia. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Olivia. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner; he 'll speak with you, will you or no.

Olivia. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 't is a peascod, or a codling when 't is almost an apple: 't is with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well favored and he speaks very shrewishly; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Olivia. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Olivia. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA *and* Attendants.

Viola. The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

Olivia. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Viola. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would

be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Olivia. Whence came you, sir?

Viola. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question 's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house that I may proceed in my speech.

Olivia. Are you a comedian?

Viola. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Olivia. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Viola. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Olivia. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Viola. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 't is poetical.

Olivia. It is the more like to be feign'd: I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allow'd your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 't is not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Maria. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Viola. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind: I am a messenger.

Olivia. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Viola. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Olivia. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Viola. The rudeness that hath appear'd in me have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am and what I would are as secret as maidenhood; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

Olivia. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt* MARIA *and* Attendants. Now, sir, what is your text?

Viola. Most sweet lady,—

Olivia. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Viola. In Orsino's bosom.

Olivia. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Viola. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Olivia. Oh, I have read it; it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Viola. Good madam, let me see your face.

Olivia. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is 't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Viola. Excellently done, if God did all.

Olivia. 'T is in grain, sir; 't will endure wind and weather.

Viola. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Olivia. Oh, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventori'd, and every particle and utensil labell'd to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two gray eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to 'praise me?

Viola. I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: Oh, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Olivia. How does he love me?

Viola. With adorations, with fertile tears,

With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Olivia. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Viola. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Olivia. Why, what would you?

Viola. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemnèd love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out "Olivia!" Oh, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!

Olivia. You might do much.
What is your parentage?

Viola. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Olivia. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:

I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.
Viola. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervor, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty.
[*Exit.*

Olivia. "What is your parentage?"
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman." I 'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.
Olivia. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I or not: tell him I 'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I 'm not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I 'll give him reasons for 't: hie thee, Malvolio.
Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Olivia. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Sea-coast.*

Enter ANTONIO *and* SEBASTIAN.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for

some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her,—she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!

I 've many en'mies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Viola. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Viola. She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Viola. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed so much
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.

I am the man: if it be so, as 't is,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For, such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O Time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW.

Sir Toby. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *diluculo surgere*, thou know'st,—

Sir Andrew. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know to be up late is to be up late.

Sir Toby. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir Andrew. Faith, so they say: but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir Toby. Thou'rt a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter CLOWN.

Sir Andrew. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clown. How now, my hearts! did you never see the picture of "we three"?

Sir Toby. Welcome, ass. Now let 's have a catch.

Sir Andrew. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 't was very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it?

Clown. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir Andrew. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir Toby. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let 's have a song.

Sir Andrew. There's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clown. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir Toby. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir Andrew. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

Clown. [*Sings.*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
Oh, stay and hear; your true love 's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir Andrew. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir Toby. Good, good.

Clown. [*Sings.*]

What is love? 't is not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What 's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth 's a stuff will not endure.

Sir Andrew. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir Toby. A contagious breath.

Sir Andrew. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir Toby. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir Andrew. An you love me, let 's do 't: I am dog at a catch.

Clown. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir Andrew. Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou knave."

Clown. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir Andrew. 'T is not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins "Hold thy peace."

Clown. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir Andrew. Good, i' faith. Come, begin. [*Catch sung.*

Enter MARIA.

Maria. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir Toby. My lady's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey, and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! [*Sings*] "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!"

Clown. Beshrew me, the knight 's in admirable fooling.

Sir Andrew. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir Toby. [*Sings*] "Oh, the twelfth day of December,"—

Maria. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty,

but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

Sir Toby. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you that, though she harbors you as her kinsman, she 's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, an it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir Toby. "Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone."

Maria. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clown. "His eyes do show his days are almost done."

Mal. Is 't even so?

Sir Toby. "But I will never die."

Clown. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir Toby. "Shall I bid him go?"

Clown. "What an if you do?"

Sir Toby. "Shall I bid him go, and spare not?"

Clown. "Oh, no, no, no, no, you dare not!"

Sir Toby. Out o' time, sir: ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clown. Yes, by St. Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too.

Sir Toby. Thou 'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit.*

Maria. Go shake your ears.

Sir Andrew. 'T were as good a deed as to drink when a man 's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir Toby. Do 't, knight: I 'll write thee a challenge; or I 'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Maria. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him; if I do not gull him into a nayword and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir Toby. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Maria. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir Andrew. Oh, if I thought that, I 'd beat him like a dog!

Sir Toby. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight.

Sir Andrew. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Maria. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swaths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir Toby. What wilt thou do?

Maria. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir Toby. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir Andrew. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir Toby. He shall think by the letters that thou wilt drop that they come from my niece, and that she 's in love with him.

Maria. My purpose is indeed a horse of that color.

Sir Andrew. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Maria. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir Andrew. Oh, 't will be admirable!

Maria. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he

shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir Toby. Good-night, Penthesilea.

Sir Andrew. Before me, she 's a good wench.

Sir Toby. She 's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir Andrew. I was adored once too.

Sir Toby. Let 's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money. 180

Sir Andrew. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir Toby. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir Andrew. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir Toby. Come, come, I 'll go burn some sack; 't is too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The* DUKE'S *palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and others.*

Duke. Give me some music. Now, good morrow, friends.
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

Curio. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Curio. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit* CURIO. *Music plays.*
Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How dost thou like this tune?

Viola. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favor that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Viola. A little, by your favor.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Viola. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Viola. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take
An elder than herself: so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Viola. I think it well, my lord.
Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.
Viola. And so they are: alas, that they are so; 40
To die even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO *and* CLOWN.

Duke. O fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.
Clown. Are you ready, sir?
Duke. Ay; prithee, sing. [*Music.* 50

SONG.

Clown. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair, cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
Oh, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, oh, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Duke. There 's for thy pains.

Clown. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I 'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clown. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clown. Now the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea that their business might be every thing and their intent every where; for that 's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[CURIO *and* Attendants *retire.*

Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,

Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 't is that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.
Viola. But if she cannot love you, sir?
Duke. I cannot be so answer'd.
Viola. Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answer'd?
Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.
Viola. Ay, but I know—
Duke. What dost thou know?
Viola. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.
Duke. And what 's her history?
Viola. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pin'd in thought,
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more; but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

Viola. I 'm all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too: and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

Duke. Ay, that 's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place bide no denay.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

Sir Toby. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fabian. Nay, I 'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir Toby. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

Fabian. I would exult, man: you know he brought me out o' favor with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir Toby. To anger him we 'll have the bear

again; and we will fool him black and blue: shall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir Andrew. An we do not, it 's pity of our lives.

Sir Toby. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA.

How now, my metal of India!

Maria. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio 's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practicing behavior to his own shadow this half-hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'T is but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me: and I have heard herself come thus near that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir Toby. Here 's an overweening rogue!

Fabian. Oh, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir Andrew. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

Sir Toby. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio!

Sir Toby. Ah, rogue!

Sir Andrew. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir Toby. Peace, peace!

Mal. There is example for 't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir Andrew. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fabian. Oh, peace! now he 's deeply in: look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir Toby. Oh, for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!

Mal. —calling my officers about me, in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir Toby. Fire and brimstone!

Fabian. Oh, peace, peace!

Mal. —and then to have the humor of state; and, after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby.

Sir Toby. Bolts and shackles!

Fabian. Oh, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my— some rich jewel. Toby approaches; courtesies there to me,—

Sir Toby. Shall this fellow live?

Fabian. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. —I extend my hand to him thus, quench-

ing my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir Toby. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. —saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,"—

Sir Toby. What, what?

Mal. —"you must amend your drunkenness."

Sir Toby. Out, scab!

Fabian. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,"—

Sir Andrew. That 's me, I warrant you.

Mal. —"one Sir Andrew."

Sir Andrew. I knew 't was I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here? [*Taking up the letter.*

Fabian. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir Toby. Oh, peace! and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir Andrew. Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that?

Mal. [*Reads*] "To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:"—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her

Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 't is my lady. To whom should this be?

Fabian. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. [*Reads*]

Jove knows I love:
But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know.

"No man must know." What follows? the numbers altered!

"No man must know;" if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir Toby. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [*Reads*]

I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fabian. A fustian riddle!

Sir Toby. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life." Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fabian. What dish o' poison has she dressed him?

Sir Toby. And with what wing the staniel checks at it!

Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her: she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this: and the end,—what should that alphabetical position

portend? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly! *M, O, A, I,*—

Sir Toby. Oh, ay, make up that; he is now at a cold scent.

Fabian. Sowter will cry upon 't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio; *M,*—why, that begins my name.

Fabian. Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: *A* should follow, but *O* does.

Fabian. And *O* shall end, I hope.

Sir Toby. Ay, or I 'll cudgel him, and make him cry *O!*

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fabian. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I; this simulation is not as the former: and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

[*Reads*] "If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue

tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee, THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY."

Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript. [*Reads*] "Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee."

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit.*

Fabian. I will not give my part of this sport

for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir Toby. I could marry this wench for this device,

Sir Andrew. So could I too.

Sir Toby. —and ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir Andrew. Nor I neither.

Fabian. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

Sir Toby. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir Andrew. Or o' mine either?

Sir Toby. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

Sir Andrew. I' faith, or I either?

Sir Toby. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that, when the image of it leaves him, he must run mad.

Maria. Nay, but say true; does it work upon him?

Sir Toby. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwife.

Maria. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 't is a color she abhors; and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir Toby. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir Andrew. I 'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter VIOLA, *and* CLOWN *with a tabor.*

Viola. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clown. No, sir, I live by the church.

Viola. Art thou a churchman?

Clown. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Viola. So thou mayst say the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clown. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Viola. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clown. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Viola. Why, man?

Clown. Why, sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word might make my sister wanton. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

Viola. Thy reason, man?

Clown. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without

words; and words are grown so false I am loath to prove reason with them,

Viola. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

Clown. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Viola. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clown. No indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband 's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Viola, I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clown. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines everywhere. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Viola. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I 'll no more with thee. Hold, there 's expenses for thee.

Clown. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Viola. By my troth, I 'll tell thee I am almost sick for one; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clown. Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

Viola. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

Clown. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Viola. I understand you, sir; 't is well begged.

Clown. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin, I might say "element," but the word is overworn. [*Exit.*

Viola. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool;
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
Not, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labor as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW.

Sir Toby. Save you, gentleman.

Viola. And you, sir.

Sir Andrew. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Viola. Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.

Sir Andrew. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

Sir Toby. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Viola. I am bound to your niece, sir; I mean she is the list of my voyage.

Sir Toby. Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Viola. My legs do better understand me, sir,

than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir Toby. I mean to go, sir, to enter.

Viola. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent, accomplished lady, the heavens rain odors on you!

Sir Andrew. That youth 's a rare courtier: "Rain odors;" well.

Viola. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir Andrew. "Odors," "pregnant" and "vouchsafed:" I 'll get 'em all three all ready.

Olivia. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* MARIA.] Give me your hand, sir.

Viola. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Olivia. What is your name?

Viola. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Olivia. My servant, sir! 'T was never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You 're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.

Viola. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.

Olivia. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,

Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Viola. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Olivia. Oh, by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I 'd rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.

Viola. Dear lady,—

Olivia. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honor at the stake
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown: a cypress, not a bosom,
Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.

Viola. I pity you.

Olivia. That 's a degree to love.

Viola. No, not a grise; for 't is a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.

Olivia. Why, then, methinks 't is time to smile again.
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!

If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!
[*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due west.
Viola. Then westward-ho
Grace and good disposition 'tend your ladyship.
You 'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
Olivia. Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.
Viola. That you do think you are not what you are.
Olivia. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Viola. Then think you right: I am not what I am.
Olivia. I would you were as I would have you be!
Viola. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.
Olivia. Oh, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honor, truth, and everything,
I love thee so that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,

For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

Viola. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Olivia. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayest move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

Sir Andrew. No, faith, I 'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir Toby. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fabian. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

Sir Andrew. Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw 't i' the orchard.

Sir Toby. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir Andrew. As plain as I see you now.

Fabian. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir Andrew. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fabian. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir Toby. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fabian. She did show favor to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valor, to put fire in your heart and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked; the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valor or policy.

Sir Andrew. An 't be any way, it must be with valor, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir Toby. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valor. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valor.

Fabian, There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir Andrew. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir Toby. Go, write it in a martial hand; be

curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir Andrew. Where shall I find you?

Sir Toby. We 'll call thee at the cubiculo: go. [*Exit* SIR ANDREW.

Fabian. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir Toby. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fabian. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you 'll not deliver 't?

Sir Toby. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I 'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fabian. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty.

Enter MARIA.

Sir Toby. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Maria. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for

there is no Christian that means to be saved by believing rightly can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He 's in yellow stockings.

Sir Toby. And cross-gartered ?

Maria. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies; you have not seen such a thing as 't is. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he 'll smile and take 't for a great favor.

Sir Toby. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Antonio. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filèd steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove

Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks
And thanks and ever thanks; often good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Antonio. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 't is long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Antonio. Would you 'd pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Antonio. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsèd in this place,

I shall pay dear.
Seb. Do not then walk too open.
Antonio. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.
Seb. Why I your purse?
Antonio. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.
Seb. I 'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.
Antonio. To th' Elephant.
Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Olivia. I have sent after him: he says he 'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?

Maria. He 's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

Olivia. Why, what 's the matter? does he rave?

Maria. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.

Olivia. Go, call him hither. [*Exit* MARIA.] I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA *with* MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Olivia. Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? If it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, "Please one, and please all."

Olivia. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Olivia. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed! ay, sweetheart, and I 'll come to thee.

Olivia. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

Maria. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! yes, nightingales answer daws.

Maria. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. "Be not afraid of greatness:" 't was well writ.

Olivia. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. "Some are born great,"—

Olivia. Ha!

Mal. —"some achieve greatness,"—

Olivia. What sayest thou?

Mal. —"and some have greatness thrust upon them."

Olivia. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,"—

Olivia. Thy yellow stockings!

Mal. —"and wished to see thee cross-garter'd."

Olivia. Cross-garter'd!

Mal. "Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;"—

Olivia. Am I made?

Mal. —"if not, let me see thee a servant still."

Olivia. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Olivia. I'll come to him. [*Exit* Servant.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to.

Where's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Mal. Oho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. "Cast thy humble slough," says she; "be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;" and consequently sets down the manner how: as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to:" "fellow!" not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but "fellow." Why, everything adheres together that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA *with* SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN.

Sir Toby. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I 'll speak to him.

Fabian. Here he is, here he is. How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you: let me enjoy my private: go off.

Maria. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Aha! does she so?

Sir Toby. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he 's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Maria. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched! My lady would not lose him for more than I 'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Maria. O Lord!

Sir Toby. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fabian. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir Toby. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir Toby. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 't is not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Maria. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Maria. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle, shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir Toby. Is 't possible?

Fabian. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir Toby. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man.

Maria. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

Fabian. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Maria. The house will be the quieter.

Sir Toby. Come, we 'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he 's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see!

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Fabian. More matter for a May morning.

Sir Andrew. Here 's the challenge, read it: I warrant there 's vinegar and pepper in 't.

Fabian. Is 't so saucy?

Sir Andrew. Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir Toby. Give me. [*Reads*] "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

Fabian. Good, and valiant.

Sir Toby. [*Reads*] "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.

Fabian. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir Toby. [*Reads*] "Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

Fabian. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

Sir Toby. [*Reads*] "I will waylay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me,"——

Fabian. Good.

Sir Toby. [*Reads*] —"thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

Fabian. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir Toby. [*Reads*] "Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK." If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I 'll give it him.

Maria. You may have very fit occasion for 't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir Toby. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft

that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir Andrew. Nay, let me alone for swearing.

[*Exit.*

Sir Toby. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valor; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter OLIVIA *with* VIOLA.

Fabian. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him

Sir Toby. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge.

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, FABIAN, *and* MARIA.

Olivia. I 've said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honor too unchary out:
There 's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong, potent fault it is

That it but mocks reproof.

Viola. With the same 'havior that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.

Olivia. Here, wear this jewel for me, 't is my picture;
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny,
That honor sav'd may upon asking give?

Viola. Nothing but this: your true love for my master.

Olivia. How with mine honor may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Viola. I will acquit you.

Olivia. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN.

Sir Toby. Gentleman, God save thee.

Viola. And you, sir.

Sir Toby. That defense thou hast, betake thee to 't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skillful, and deadly.

Viola. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free

and clear from any image of offense done to any man.

Sir Toby. You 'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath can furnish man withal.

Viola. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir Toby. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulcher. Hob, nob, is his word; give 't or take 't.

Viola. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valor: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir Toby. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that 's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Viola. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offense to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir Toby. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

Viola. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fabian. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Viola. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fabian. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valor. He is indeed, sir, the most skillful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Viola. I shall be much bound to you for 't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY *with* SIR ANDREW.

Sir Toby. Why, man, he 's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard, and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable; and, on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir Andrew. Pox on 't, I 'll not meddle with him.

Sir Toby. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir Andrew. Plague on 't, an I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I 'd have seen him damned ere I 'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I 'll give him my horse, gray Capilet.

Sir Toby. I 'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside*] Marry, I 'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

[*To* FABIAN] I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil

Fabian. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir Toby. [*To* VIOLA] There 's no remedy, sir; he will fight with you for 's oath's sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw for the supportance of his vow: he protests he will not hurt you.

Viola. [*Aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fabian. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir Toby. Come, Sir Andrew, there 's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to 't.

Sir Andrew. Pray God, he keep his oath!
Viola. I do assure you, 't is against my will.
[*They draw.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Antonio. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offense, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you.
Sir Toby. You, sir! why, what are you?
Antonio. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.
Sir Toby. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you. [*They draw*

Enter Officers.

Fabian. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.
Sir Toby. [*To Antonio.*] I 'll be with you anon.
Viola. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.
Sir Andrew. Marry, will I, sir: and, for that I promised you, I 'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.
First Off. This is the man; do thy office.
Second Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.
Antonio. You do mistake me, sir.
First Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favor well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Antonio. I must obey. [*To* VIOLA.[This comes with seeking you:
But there 's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amaz'd;
But be of comfort.

Second Off. Come, sir, away.

Antonio. I must entreat of you some of that money.

Viola. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I 'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I 'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there 's half my coffer.

Antonio. Will you deny me now?
Is 't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Viola. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption

Inhabits our frail blood.
Antonio. O heavens themselves!
Second Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.
Antonio. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death,
Reliev'd him with such sanctity of love;
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
First Off. What 's that to us? The time goes by: away!
Antonio. But oh, how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there 's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind;
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.
First Off. The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.
Antonio. Lead me on. [*Exit with* Officers.
Viola. Methinks his words do from such passion fly
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!
Sir Toby. Come hither, knight; come hither. Fabian; we 'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.
Viola. He nam'd Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favor was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, color, ornament,

For him I imitate: oh, if it prove,
Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love.
[*Exit.*

Sir Toby. A very dishonest, paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and, for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

Fabian. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir Andrew. 'Slid, I 'll after him again and beat him.

Sir Toby. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword. [*Exit.*

Sir Andrew. An I do not,—

Fabian. Come, let 's see the event.

Sir Toby. I dare lay any money 't will be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The street before* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* CLOWN.

Clown. Will you make me believe that I am not sent fo you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow: Let me be clear of thee.

Clown. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else: Thou know'st not me.

Clown. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney.—I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness, and tell me what I shall vent to my lady; shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
There 's money for thee: if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clown. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

Sir Andrew. Now, sir, have I met you again? there 's for you. [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.

Seb. Why, there 's for thee and there and there. Are all the people mad?

[*Beating* SIR ANDREW.

Sir Toby. Hold, sir, or I 'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clown. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit.*

Sir Toby. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir Andrew. Nay, let him alone: I 'll go another way to work with him: I 'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Il-

lyria: though I struck him first, yet it 's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir Toby. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir Toby. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter OLIVIA.

Olivia. Hold, Toby: on thy life I charge thee, hold!

Sir Toby. Madam!

Olivia. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preached! out of my sight
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone!

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:

Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.
Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!
Olivia. Nay, come, I prithee; would thou 'dst be ruled by me!
Seb. Madam, I will.
Olivia. Oh, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A room in* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter MARIA *and* CLOWN.

Maria. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I 'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*

Clown. Well, I'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY *and* MARIA.

Sir Toby. Jove bless thee, Master Parson.

Clown. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorbodoc,

"That that is, is;" so I, being Master Parson, am Master Parson; for what is "that" but "that," and "is" but "is"?

Sir Toby. To him, Sir Topas.

Clown. What ho, I say! peace in this prison!

Sir Toby. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*Within*] Who calls there?

Clown. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio, the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clown. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir Toby. Well said, Master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clown. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clown. Why, it hath bay-windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clear-stories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad. Sir Topas: I say to you this house is dark.

Clown. Madman, thou errest: I say there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clown. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clown. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clown. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir Toby. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clown. Nay, I am for all waters.

Maria. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir Toby. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY *and* MARIA.

Clown. [*Singing*] "Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does."

Mal. Fool!

Clown. "My lady is unkind, perdy."

Mal. Fool!

Clown. "Alas, why is she so?"

Mal. Fool, I say!

Clown. "She loves another"—Who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clown. Master Malvolio?

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clown. Alas, sir, how fell you beside your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clown. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clown. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas!

Clown. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say!

Clown. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clown. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clown. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clown. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Mal. Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clown. [*Singing*] I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I 'll be with you again,
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain;

Who, with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, aha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman devil. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. OLIVIA'S *garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't;
And, though 't is wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 't is not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For, though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust but that I'm mad
Or else the lady 's mad; yet, if 't were so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there 's something in 't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA *and* Priest.

Olivia. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,

Plight me the full assurance of your faith
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I 'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Olivia. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The street before* OLIVIA'S *house.*

Enter CLOWN *and* FABIAN.

Fabian. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.

Clown. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fabian. Anything.

Clown. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fabian. This is to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and* Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clown. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clown. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clown. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clown. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clown. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there 's gold.

Clown. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. Oh, you give me ill counsel.

Clown. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there 's another.

Clown. Primo, secundo, tertio is a good play: and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the *triplex*, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I

am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clown. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*

Viola. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO *and* Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable:
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honor on him. What 's the matter?

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Viola. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me;
I know not what 't was but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?
Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleas'd that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enrag'd and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where, being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty years removèd thing
While one could wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.
Viola. How can this be?
Duke. When came he to this town?
Ant. To-day, my lord: and, for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,

Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter OLIVIA *and* Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me:
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Olivia. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Viola. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Olivia. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—

Viola. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

Olivia. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Olivia. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breath'd out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Olivia. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,

Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometime savors nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favor,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crownèd in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I 'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.
Viola. And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
Olivia. Where goes Cesario?
Viola. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
Olivia. Ay me, detested! how am I beguil'd!
Viola. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Olivia. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.
Duke. Come, away!
Olivia. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
Duke. Husband!
Olivia. Ay, husband: can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah!
Viola. No, my lord, not I.
Olivia. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter PRIEST.

Oh, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 't is ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.
Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compáct
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I 've travell'd but two hours.
Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or wilt not else thy craft so quickly grow
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.
Viola. My lord, I do protest—
Olivia. Oh, do not swear!

Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sir Andrew. For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby.

Olivia. What 's the matter?

Sir Andrew. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Olivia. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir Andrew. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he 's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir Andrew. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby.

Viola. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir Andrew. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY *and* CLOWN.

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more: but, if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is 't with you?

Sir Toby. That 's all one: has hurt me, and there 's the end on 't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clown. Oh, he 's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir Toby. Then he's a rogue, and a passy measures pavin: I hate a drunken rogue.

Olivia. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir Andrew. I 'll help you, Sir Toby, because we 'll be dressed together.

Sir Toby. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Olivia. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt* CLOWN, FABIAN, SIR TOBY, *and* SIR ANDREW.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?
Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
Ant. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
Olivia. Most wonderful!
Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Viola. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, "Thrice-welcome, drownèd Viola!"
Viola. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And so had mine.
Viola. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.
Seb. Oh, that recórd is lively in my soul!
He finishèd indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Viola. If nothing lets to make us happy both

But this my masculine usurp'd attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I 'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserv'd to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [*To* OLIVIA.] So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
But Nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amaz'd; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[*To* VIOLA.] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Viola. And all those sayings will I overswear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbèd continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Viola. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action

Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Olivia. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he 's much distract.

Re-enter CLOWN *with a letter and* FABIAN.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah?

Clown. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do: has here writ a letter to you; I should have given 't to you to-day morning; but, as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Olivia. Open 't, and read it.

Clown. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads.*] "By the Lord, madam,"—

Olivia. How now! art thou mad?

Clown. No, madam, I do but read madness: an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow Vox.

Olivia. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clown. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Olivia. Read it you, sirrah. [*To* FABIAN.

Fabian. [*Reads.*] "By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your

drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO."

Olivia. Did he write this?

Clown. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savors not much of distraction.

Olivia. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither. [*Exit* FABIAN.

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown th' alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.

[*To* VIOLA] Your master quits you; and, for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Olivia. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN *with* MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Olivia. Ay, my lord, the same.

How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Olivia. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 't is not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it then,
And tell me, in the modesty of honor,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favor,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Olivia. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But out of question 't is Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presuppos'd
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,

Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fabian. Good madam, here me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd against him. Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

Olivia. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clown. Why, "some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude; one sir Topas, sir; but that 's all one. "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad." But do you remember?—"Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? an you smile not, he 's gagged:" and thus the whirligig of Time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I 'll be reveng'd on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Olivia. He hath been most notoriously abus'd.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known and golden time convents,

A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.
[*Exeunt all but* CLOWN.

Clown. [*Sings*]

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.
[*Exit.*

NOTES.

ACT I.

SCENE 1. *The Duke's palace.*

4. **A dying fall**, a cadence, a musical term signifying the close of a passage. **Dying**, a diminution of sound, technically expressed by *diminuendo*.

5. **Sweet sound.** By the rhetorical figure, metonymy, the effect is here put for the cause. Pope altered *sound* into *south*. Rowe proposed to read *wind;* while Douce says the wind, from whatever quarter, would produce a sound in breathing on the violets, or else the simile is false; besides, *sound* is a better relative to the antecedent *strain*. This seems the correct interpretation.

12. **Validity**, value. *King Lear*, i. 1. 83, "No less in space, validity, and pleasure." **Pitch**, height, or excellence.

14. **Fancy**, love. Cp. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 164. "In maiden meditation, fancy-free," where *fancy-free* means free from love.

15. **Alone**, above everything else. **High fantastical**, supremely fanciful.

20. **Methought she purg'd the air of pestilence.** A beautiful way of expressing her divinity.

21. **Hart.** An allusion to the story of Actæon and Diana. Actæon was changed into a stag, and devoured by his own hounds, for looking at Diana when bathing.

22. **Fell**, ferocious, fierce.

26. **Element**, the sky. **Seven years' heat**, until the heat of seven years has gone by.

28. **Cloistress**, a nun, a votaress.

30. **To season**, to preserve. Notice the metaphor.

32. **Remembrance.** Notice that *remembrance* is a quadrisyllable here.

Golden shaft. Cupid had two arrows. The one, tipped with gold, caused love; the other, tipped with lead, drove love away.

37. **Liver, brain, and heart.** In the old medicine the three principal parts of the body were *liver*, *heart*, and *brain*, in which were begotten respectively the *natural*, *vital*, and *animal* (or *rational*) *spirits*, by which the soul performed all its actions.

SCENE 2.

2. **Illyria.** Illyria is a country bordering on the Adriatic, and opposite Italy.

10. **Those poor number.** Rowe has *that*. Malone shows that *this* would be a better reading, as the sailors who were saved enter with the captain. *Number* is here used as a plural noun.

15. **Arion on the dolphin's back.** See article "Arion" in *Classical Dictionary*.

19-21. My own escape makes me hope, and your words countenance that hope, that he too may have escaped. **The like, the escape.**

21. **Country.** *R* and liquids in dissyllables are frequently pronounced as though an extra vowel were introduced between them and the preceding consonant.

"The líke | of hím. | Knów'st thou | this coún | t(*e*)ry?"

See Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (described hereafter as *Sh. Gr.*), § 477.

42. **Deliver'd,** discovered, shown.

59. **Allow,** approve.

62. **Mute,** a Turkish slave who had had his tongue cut out in order to make him dumb, and prevent his revealing secrets.

SCENE 3.

5. **Cousin,** here used for *niece*. The word was applied to nephews, nieces, grandchildren, etc.

7. A ludicrous use of the formal law phrase, "Those things being excepted which were before excepted."

10-11. **I 'll confine myself no finer than I am, I will not put on new, tight-fitting clothes.**

12. **An,** when it means *if*, is commonly spelt *and* in the Bible, especially where it occurs with a redundant *if*.

19. **Tall,** strong, stout, brave. Singer points out that Sir Andrew Aguecheek was represented on the stage as a very small man, and greatly wanting in courage; so that Sir Toby is laughing at him, and using the word *tall* in a double sense.

21. **Ducats.** A ducat was a gold coin of Italian origin struck in the dominion of a duke, and was worth about 9*s.* 4*d.* There was also a silver one worth from 3*s.* to 4*s.*

25. **Viol-de-gamboys.** A base viol, or kind of violoncello, which had six strings, and was so called because it was placed between the legs. Ital. *gamba*, a leg.

30. **Allay the gust,** diminish his taste.

34. **Subtractors.** Sir Toby's expression for *detractors.*

Coystrill, a mean, paltry fellow; a menial, servant, or groom.

41. **Parish-top.** "A large top was formerly kept in every village, to be whipped in frosty weather that the peasants might be kept warm by the exercise and out of mischief while they could not work."—STEEVENS.

Castiliano vulgo. Warburton suggests that Sir Toby said "Castiliano volto," "Put on your grave Castilian countenance," the Spaniards being celebrated for their ceremonious manners. It was more probably a term from some drinking song, used by Sir Toby as an expression of delight at seeing Sir Andrew.

48. **Accost,** draw near and speak to.

56. **Board her,** enter a ship by force. Here it is merely another word for *accost.*

60. **Part,** depart, go.

66. **Marry,** by the Virgin Mary, a common oath of the time.

68. **"Thought is free."** Maria means that she has a right to think what she pleases, and having taken him by the hand, implies that she thinks him a fool.

69. **Buttery-bar.** The buttery is a store-room where provisions and liquor are kept. The bar of this is the opening, like a window with a ledge, through which the provisions are passed.

72. **It 's dry, sir.** A dry hand showed that he was not a lover; for had he been, his hand would have been moist, according to a common superstition of the time.

75. **A dry jest,** a dull or stupid joke.

77-78. I am only full of them so far as I am full of you; *i.e.*, a handful.

79. **Canary,** a light sweet wine made in the Canary Islands.

84. **Eater of beef.** Shakespeare seems to allude to this idea of beef-eating destroying wit, in *Henry V.* iii. VII. 160–61.

91. **The tongues.** The point of Sir Toby's jest will be lost unless we remember that *tongues* and *tongs* were pronounced alike, as has been pointed out by Mr. Crosby, of Zainsville.

112. **Kickshawses,** or **kickshaws,** formerly written *kickshose*, meant made dishes, and so odds and ends. French, *quelque chose.*

115. **An old man** means a man of experience.

116. **Galliard**, a lively French dance.

117. An obvious joke on caper = dancing, and the caper that is eaten with mutton.

119. **Back-trick**, a receding motion in dancing.

123. **Mistress Mall's picture.** Knight, Hunter, and others think that this is an allusion to Mary Frith, the heroine of Middleton's play, *The Roaring Girl.* Mr. Aldis Wright shows this to be very improbable. Mistress Mall is merely a type of any lady solicitous for the preservation of her charms, even when transferred to canvas. The custom of having curtains attached to the frame of pictures was common.

125. **Coranto**, a French dance.

128. **Star of a galliard.** Sir Toby suggests that Sir Andrew was born under a jovial planet, and therefore would be capable of good dancing.

129-30. **Indifferent well**, fairly, tolerably well.

130. **Stock**, stocking.

134. **Sides and heart.** Both the knights are wrong, but their ignorance is perhaps intentional. Taurus is made to govern the neck and the throat.

SCENE 4.

2. **Cesario**, the name Viola had assumed.

24. **Say I do speak**, supposing I do speak.

33. **Rubious**, red, or the color of a ruby. **Pipe**, voice.

35. **Semblative**, having the appearance of.

A woman's part, thy proper part in a play would be a woman's. Women were then personated by boys. It was not till the time of Charles II. that women began to act in public.

36-37. I know that the position of the stars at the time of your birth was very favorable for this undertaking.

42. **A barful strife**, a contest full of impediments.

SCENE 5.

The Clown in this play is a domestic fool in the service of Olivia. Most noblemen formerly kept a domestic jester for their sport. For instance, Cardinal Wolsey made a present of his fool to Henry VIII.

6. **To fear no colors**, fear no enemy, whatever colors he may fight under.

9. **Lenten answer**, lean or dry answer, like a dinner in Lent.

20. **And, for turning away, let summer bear it out.** The

Clown could live in some fashion or other, now that summer was coming, even if he were dismissed.

22. **Points**, metal hooks fastened to the hose, or breeches, and going into the straps, or eyes, fixed to the doublet, and thereby keeping the hose, or gaskins, from falling down.

25. The Clown here hints that Maria is setting her cap for Sir Toby, who would be a grand catch for her if he would give up drinking.

33. **Quinapalus**, name invented by the Clown.

40. **Madonna**, a mistress, dame. So *La Madonna*, by way of pre-eminence for *The Blessed Virgin*.

45. **Patch'd.** There is possibly an allusion to the parti-colored dress of the fool. The fool consequently was often called Patch.

47. **Syllogism.** Here the major premiss is, Anything that's mended is but patched. The minor premiss is understood, and there are two conclusions, the conclusion of the whole matter being that the Lady and the Fool are both patches—he being repentant sin, and she virtue that transgresses, as he proceeds further to demonstrate.

48. **Cuckold.** Hammer suggests *counselor*, Capell *school*. Hunter says this is intentional nonsense.

52. **Misprision**, misunderstanding, *méprise*.

52–53. **Cucullus non facit monachum.** 'T is not the hood that makes the monk.

53–54. **I wear not motley in my brain.** Feste means he was not such a fool as the lady; for, though he wore a fool's dress, he had more than a fool's wisdom.

57. **Dexteriously**, another form of *dexterously*.

60. **My mouse.** This was a term of endearment, and in applying it to Olivia the clown was stretching his liberty as a fool.

82. **Ordinary fool**, a common or unlicensed fool, not a permanent domestic set fool like Feste.

85-86. **These set kind of fools.** "The two nouns connected by *of* seem regarded as a compound noun with plural termination."—(*Sh. Gr.* § 412). **Crow**, laugh merrily.

86. **Fool's zanies.** "A zany was a fool's fool, or a clown that followed a tumbler and vaulter. His representative is to be found in the modern circus." (GRANT WHITE.) Cp. Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, iv. 1.

> "He's like the zany to a tumbler,
> That tries tricks after him to make men laugh."

88. **Distempered**, disordered.

90. **Bird-bolts**, short, blunt arrows for killing birds.

91. **Allow'd fool**, an acknowledged, or licensed domestic fool.

94–95. Since thou speakest the truth of fools, may Mercury give thee the advantageous gift of lying. Mercury was the god of thieves and cheats.

96. For the omission of the relative, see *Sh. Gr.*, § 244.

109. The Clown still keeps hinting that Olivia's retirement is not very wise.

112. **Pia mater**, the membrane that immediately covers the substance of the brain.

117–18. Sir Toby was going to give a description of the gentleman, but was seized with an attack of indigestion; hence "A plague on these pickle-herring," to which he says the attack was due. It was probably the combined effect of drink and pickle-herring. The Clown possibly laughed at him, so Sir Toby adds furiously, "How now, sot!"

122. Sir Toby's next speeches show his fuddled condition.

131. **Crowner**, coroner. Properly, the crown officer. His duty is to inquire into the cause of a sudden or suspicious death, by holding an inquest, or, as it is called, sitting upon the body.

144. **Has been told so.** *He has* was frequently pronounced, and sometimes written, *has* (*Sh. Gr.*, § 400).

145. **A sheriff's post.** Outside the sheriff's door there used to be set up painted posts, both for the purpose of showing where the sheriff lived, and for posting up proclamations.

154. **A squash**, anything unripe and soft. Here, an unripe peascod. Codling, an unripe apple.

155. **In standing water.** Capell's reading is, *e'en standing water;* i.e., slack water when the tide is just on the turn. *In standing water* = in water neither ebbing nor flowing.

157. **Shrewishly**, jauntily, saucily.

170. **Comptible**, susceptible, easily brought to account.

174. **Part**, the part, or *rôle*, she had studied.

175. **Modest assurance**, some slight assurance, or evidence.

178–79. Very fangs of malice, in defiance of the most malicious interpretation.

181. **Usurp myself**, take to myself that which does not belong to me.

184. **From**, apart from, contrary to.

194. **If you be not mad**, if you are going, or becoming, mad.

196. **Skipping**, flighty, incoherent.

198. **Swabber**, one whose duty is to swab, or mop, the deck. **To hull**, to drive to and fro upon the water without sails or rudder, to lie to without anchoring. Note the continued metaphor in *hoist sail*, *swabber*, and *hull*.

199. **Some mollification for your giant.** Ladies in romance are guarded by giants. Viola, seeing the waiting-maid

so eager to oppose her message, entreats Olivia to pacify her giant. A pleasant allusion to the diminutive size of Maria.

203. **Courtesy**, the form and ceremony of delivering it.

205. **Taxation of homage**, order for the payment of homage. **The olive.** The olive branch was symbolical of peace. This use was based on the account of Noah's dove.

210. **Entertainment**, reception.

212. To your ears my secret will sound excellent in the highest degree, but to repeat it in public would be to degrade love.

214. **Divinity**, religious doctrine. Olivia uses this word in the quite technical sense of religious doctrine, and pronounces it heretical.

229. **Such a one I was this present.** Olivia speaks as if showing Viola her portrait. I was thus, just before you came. And certainly she was, and only veiled to receive him.

231. **If God did all**, if the work of nature, and not of art.

232. **'T is in grain**, used of a material which has been dyed in the manufacture; and so here means, when the face was made its color was made. **Grain**, or kernels, of which the purple dye was made. See G. P. Marsh, *Lectures on the Eng. Lang.*, pp. 66–74.

238. **No copy.** Olivia will be very cruel if she does not marry and transmit her beauty to her children.

241. **Inventori'd**, catalogued.

247–49. Though your beauty were unparalleled, it could not be more than a just recompense for such love as my master's.

255. **In voices well divulged**, well spoken of by the world.

257. **Gracious**, graceful or beautiful.

259. **In my master's flame**, as fervently as my master does.

264. **My soul**, Olivia.

265. **Cantons**, cantos or verses.

271. **But**, unless, or except.

273. **State is well**, position in life is good.

279. **Fee'd post**, hired messenger.

281. **That.** The antecedent to *that* is *his*.

283. **Cruelty**, abstract for concrete.

288. **Five-fold blazon**, a term of heraldry, denoting a description of armorial bearings.

289. **Unless the master were the man.** A vague and unfinished phrase, meaning, If only the master were the man, or something to that effect.

290. **The plague**, the infection of love.

295. **Peevish**, silly, foolish, childish. It acquired its present meaning because fools and children are apt to fret.

296. **The county's man**, *county* and *count* meant just the same.

304. **Mine eye too great a flatterer.** She fears that her eyes had formed so flattering an idea of Cesario that she should not have sufficient strength of mind to resist the impression.

305. **Ourselves we do not owe,** we do not possess ourselves; we cannot govern or control ourselves. *Owe* is commonly used in the sense of *possess*.

ACT II.

SCENE 1.

This scene comes thus early to let the audience into the secret of the plot; and, by coming between two halves of a whole, it is practically out of time.

3. **Patience,** permission, or leave. **My stars,** etc. An allusion to the old belief of the astrologers, that the planets in the ascendant at the time of a man's birth influenced his destiny. Several English words in use now—such as *disaster*, *ill-starred*, etc.—had at one time a purely astrological meaning.

4–5. **Distemper,** derange, or throw out of order.

9. **Sooth,** in truth. **My determinate voyage is mere extravagancy,** the course I have determined upon is merely to go roving.

12. **It charges me in manners,** it is my duty in ordinary civility.

13. **To express myself,** to reveal myself.

15. **Messaline.** No such place known. Mitylene has been suggested, as has also Messina.

19. **Some hour.** Note the expression, *some* being used with a singular noun of time.

20. **Breach** of the sea, breakers or surf.

22. **A lady, sir, though,** etc. The relative is omitted. See *Sh. Gr.*, § 244.

24. **Estimable wonder.** The meaning is, that he could not venture to think as highly as others of his sister.

30. **Your trouble,** the trouble I have given you.

31. Knight suggests that this may refer to a superstition Scott uses in *The Pirate*, that one saved from drowning would do his preserver a capital injury.

SCENE 2.

5. **To have taken,** by having taken. See *Sh. Gr.*, § 356.

6–7. **You should put your lord into a desperate assurance,** that you thoroughly explain to your lord that he must despair.

11, **She took the ring of me**, etc. Viola, finding the ring sent after her, accompanied by a fiction, is quick-witted and delicate enough to meet it with another, and designedly avoids betraying the weakness of Olivia before her steward.

17. **Fortune forbid . . . not.** We should have expected *fortune forbid*, etc., without the *not;* but this negative is frequently found after verbs which contain in themselves a negative idea.

Had lost her tongue, prevented the use of, or caused the loss of, her tongue.

21–22. In the craftiness of her love she allures me by means of this surly messenger.

27. **Pregnant enemy**, prompt or ready fiend (the enemy of mankind).

28. **Proper-false**, handsome and deceitful.

32. **Fadge**, suit. or fit together.

33. **Monster.** Viola applies the expression to herself because she is dressed as a boy.

35–38. In my character of a man I see that my master's love for Olivia is to be despaired of; in my character of a woman I see what unavailing sighs poor Olivia will breathe. Viola, being in love herself, can sympathize with the grief that Olivia will feel when she discovers that the handsome page is a woman.

SCENE 3.

2. **Diluculo surgere.** The full quotation, found in Lilly's *Grammar*, is, "Diluculo surgere saluberrimum est," to rise at dawn is most healthful.

9. **The four elements**, earth, air, fire, and water.

13. **A stoup**, or **stoop**, held about half a gallon usually, and was originally a measure, and then came to mean a cup to drink out of.

16. **The picture of "we three,"** an allusion to an old print sometimes pasted on the wall of a country alehouse, representing two, but under which the spectator reads, "We three are asses."

19. **Breast**, voice. So used in Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, "Let's hear him sing; he has a fine breast."

22. **Pigrogromitus**, etc. "We cannot but recognize on what far travels, in what good company, Feste the jester had but lately been on that night of very gracious fooling, when he was pleased to enlighten the unforgetful mind of Sir Andrew, as to the history of Pigrogromitus, and of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus" (*A Study of Shakespeare*, pp. 155–56, quoted in the "Henry Irving" *Shakespeare*).

24. **Leman**, sweetheart, or mistress.

25–27. **I did impeticos.** That there was originally something which suggested this particular form of nonsense employed by the Clown, there can be little doubt. Of course its principal object was to make the audience laugh.

27. **Myrmidons.** A people of Thessaly, who followed Achilles to the siege of Troy, and were distinguished for their savage brutality and rude behavior. So, any rough fellow employed to annoy another is the employer's myrmidon.

32. **Testril,** a sixpence.

34–35. **Song of good life** may either mean a song of a moral kind, or a song of a jovial kind.

50. **Sweet and twenty.** Either a term of endearment, or, less probably, twenty sweet kisses. To regard "sweet and twenty" as a vocative is wrong.

56. **Make the welkin dance,** drink and sing till the sky seems to spin round.

57–58. **Draw three souls out of one weaver.** The meaning here is, that a starved psalm-singing weaver would be so delighted with this catch that he would feel himself animated with three souls.

61. **By 'r lady.** By our Lady, the Virgin Mary.

62. **Catch.** Sir John Hawkins says, "A catch is a species of vocal harmony to be sung by three or more persons, and is so contrived that, though each sings precisely the same notes as his fellows, yet, by beginning at stated periods of time from each other, there results from the performance a harmony of as many parts as there are singers." Here each of the singers calls the other *knave* in turn.

71. **Caterwauling.** To *caterwaul* is to cry as a cat.

74. **Cataian,** a person who came from Cathay, the old name for China. The expression was used as a term of reproach, and usually denoted, like "heathen Chinee," a cheat or sharper.

75. **Peg-a-Ramsey,** the name of two old tunes given in Chappell. "Three merry men be we," the refrain of more than one old song.

77. **Tillyvally.** An expression equivalent to *fiddle-de-dee*. Cp. 2 *Henry IV.*, ii. iv. 90, "Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me." **Lady!** Sir Toby, vexed at Maria's remark, "If my lady have not," etc., repeats the word in a sneering way; and the word suggests another ballad, "There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady." Not very much to the point, as his ideas are getting decidedly mixed.

79. **Beshrew me,** may evil happen to me, or mischief take me.

87. **Wit,** here used, as elsewhere in the play, in its literal sense of wisdom, or judgment.

88. **Tinkers**, proverbially given to tippling.

89–90. **Coziers' catches.** *Cozier* or *cosier*, a tailor who botches his work.

93. **Sneck up**, go and hang yourself.

114. **Cakes and ale.** It was the custom on holidays and saints' days to make cakes in honor of the day. The Puritans called this superstition. Green, in his *History of the English People*, chap. ix., says, "The want of poetry, of fancy, in the common Puritan temper condemned half the popular observances of England as superstitious. It was superstitious to keep Christmas or deck the house with holly or ivy. It was superstitious to dance round the village Maypole. *It was flat popery to eat a mince pie.*"

117–18. **Rub your chain with crumbs.** The steward's badge of office formerly was a gold chain, and the usual mode of cleaning plate was by rubbing it with crumbs.

121. **Uncivil rule**, disorderly conduct.

124–25. **To drink when a man 's a-hungry.** Sir Andrew's blunder for "to drink when a man's a-thirsty."

132. **Nayword**, a by-word.

133. **Common recreation**, a laughing-stock.

136. **Possess us**, tell us.

146. **Affectioned.** According to Murray's *New Dictionary*, passionate, self-willed, obstinate; but the word was used by Shakespeare to mean affected.

147. **State**, arguments of state. **Swaths**, grass cut and thrown together by the scythe.

165. **Color**, kind.

168. **Ass**, a pun on the words *ass* and *as*.

175. **Penthesilea**, queen of the Amazons, killed by Achilles. Another jest at Maria's small stature.

176. **Before me**, an expression meaning in my opinion. A euphemism for *before God*.

177. **Beagle**, possibly suggested by, "I smell a device." The beagle is a small hound.

182. **Recover**, attain, obtain.

283. **Out of pocket.**

185. **Call me cut**, a contraction of *curtail*—that is, a horse with a docked tail.

188. **Burn some sack.** Sack was a sweet wine. There was Sherry Sack, Madeira Sack, Canary Sack, etc. The word is derived from the Spanish *seco*, dry, because it was made from dried grapes. *Burnt sack* was wine made warm, or mulled.

SCENE 4.

5. **Recollected terms**, phrases gathered with pains, not spontaneous, according to Mr. Aldis Wright in the Clarendon

Press Edition. The idea perhaps is rather that of words of a song which, continually like the light airs to which they are set, seem to run in the head.

17 **Motions**, emotions.

24. **Favor**, face.

25. **By your favor**, if you will let me say so; but *by* is here used in the sense of *on* also, and Viola means that her eye has rested on the face of the duke, whom she loves.

30. Becomes fitted to him like a garment.

34. **Worn**, worn out.

37. **Hold the bent**, keeps its true course.

45. **Weave their thread with bones.** Bones were formerly used instead of pins in lacemaking.

46. **Silly sooth**, plain, simple truth.

48. **The old age**, the former time.

52. **Cypress**, a coffin of cypress wood.

74. **Changeable taffeta**, a fabric made of silk, which took various hues in different lights.

86. **That nature pranks her in**, beauty in which nature decks her.

98. **No motion of the liver**, the liver was looked upon as the seat of passion.

99. **That suffer surfeit.** It was but a few minutes before that he said women had more constancy in love than men. The antecedent to *That* is *their*.

110. She, who never told her love, sat smiling at grief as placidly as Patience on a monument. Theobald conjectures that Shakespeare took this idea from Chaucer's *Assembly of Fowls*, 242:

> "Dame Pacience, sitting there I fonde
> With face pale, upon an hill of sonde."

112. **Thought**, sorrow, anxiety.

120. **All the daughters.** Note the cleverness of this answer.

124. **Denay**, denial.

SCENE 5.

5. **Sheep-biter**, a dog that worries sheep.

8. **A bear-baiting.** "The Puritan hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. Indeed, he generally contrived to enjoy the double pleasure of tormenting both spectators and bear" (MACAULAY, *History of England*, vol. i. chap. 2).

14. **Metal of India**, lass of gold.

24. **Affect me**, had an affection for, loved.

31. **Jets**, struts with head erect.

33. **'Slight**, a contraction for *God's light*.

39. **The lady of the Strachy.** An allusion to some person marrying beneath her. All particulars are lost, probably in some forgotten novel or play.

41. **Jezebel**, scarcely the right name, but as good as could be expected from Sir Andrew.

43. **Blows him**, puffs him up, swells him out.

45. **State**, chair of state with a canopy over it.

46. **Stone-bow**, a cross-bow used for shooting stones.

47. **Branched**, ornamented with patterns of sprigs and flowers.

48. **Day-bed**, couch or sofa.

52. **Humor of state**, assumption and whims of rank.

52–53. **After a demure travel of regard**, after an affectedly grave stare at each one in turn.

53. **Telling them**, which would tell them.

59–60. **Wind up my watch.** Pocket-watches were introduced into England from Germany about 1580.

60. **Play with my—some rich jewel.** Dr. Nicholson suggests that Malvolio is on the point of saying "With my chain;" but, remembering that that was the badge of the office of steward, he substitutes something more appropriate to his altered fortunes.

64. **Cars.** Various readings have been proposed. *By the ears*, *with carts*, *cables*, *cords*.

73. **Scab**, a dirty fellow.

81. **Woodcock.** Shakespeare alludes several times to this bird as being one of the most foolish of the feathered tribe.

86. **It is, in contempt of question, her hand**, to doubt it would be ridiculous.

90. **Soft**, gently. **Impressure.** Our word is *impression*. **Her Lucrece**, the head of Lucretia.

97. **The numbers altered**, a different meter follows.

99. **Brock**, a badger.

101. **Lucrece knife**, an allusion to the death of the wife of Collatinus by her own hand.

104. **Fustian**, inflated. Arabic *Fustát*, another name of Cairo, whence the stuff first came.—SKEAT.

109. **Checks**, the hawk gives up her natural flight to fly after what is improper game.

112. **Formal capacity**, any one of well-regulated mind.

117. **Sowter**, here used as the name of a hound. It was a term of abuse, and meant a cobbler. **Will cry upon 't**, will give tongue on picking up the scent.

117–18. **Though it be as rank as a fox**, though obvious to the meanest capacity.

122–23. But then there is no harmony or agreement in what follows; that does not stand being put to the proof.

125. **O shall end.** Malvolio will sigh when he discovers the trick played upon him.

130. This cypher is not like the former piece I have made out, yet by twisting it about a little it could be made to serve my purpose.

134. **In my stars, in my lot in life or sphere.**

139. **Cast thy slough.** When a snake casts its old skin and appears in a new bright one it casts its slough.

140. **Opposite, adverse, hostile, contrary.**

142. **Put thyself into the trick of singularity, assume an air of distinction.**

144. **Yellow stockings,** according to Steevens, were much worn before the civil war.

144-45. **Cross-gartered.** Expensive and showy garters were worn both above and below the knee. When the trunk hose became breeches, they were made open at the knees, where they were fringed, and were fastened with sash-like garters. It was the mark of a fop to wear cross-garters; and it was to this new fashion that Olivia objected.

150. **Daylight and champain,** broad daylight and an open country.

151-52. **I will baffle Sir Toby, I will bring Sir Toby into disgrace. Baffle,** originally used to denote the punishment inflicted on recreant knights.

153. **Point-devise, or point-de vice,** minutely exact, punctilious.

154. **Jade me,** harass me, as a horse that is ridden too hard.

160. **Strange,** haughty, disdainful.

163. **Thou canst not choose but know,** thou canst not help knowing.

170. **Sophy,** the Shah of Persia.

179. **Tray-trip,** a game in which dice were used, so called from the important throw, a *tray*.

185. **Aqua-vitæ,** brandy, or any other form of ardent spirits. Cp. *Eau-de-vie*, and Irish *usquebaugh*.

194. **Tartar** = Tartarus—that is, Hades. In the *Iliad* it is a place as far below Hades as Heaven is above the earth.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

11. **You have said,** an obsolete form of affirmation found in the Bible.

12. **Cheveril,** kid leather, which is yielding or pliable.

34. **Pilchards,** a fish closely resembling the herring, caught off the Cornish coast.

39-40. **But the fool should be, if the fool should not be.**

42. **Pass upon me**, a phrase taken from fencing. Here means pass your wit upon me.

50. **Put to use**, put out at usury, at interest.

55. **Cressida was a beggar.** An allusion to Henryson's poem of *The Testament of Cressida*, in which she is condemned to die as a beggar.

63. **Haggard**, an untrained hawk.

74. **Trade**, anciently used to express business or employment of any kind.

76. **List**, bound, limit, furthest point.

87. **Taste**, test, try.

82. **Prevented**, anticipated. Cp. *Psalm* cxix. 148, "Mine eyes prevent the night watches."

88. **Pregnant**, ready

109. **Music from the spheres.** This doctrine of music of the spheres was first suggested by Pythagoras; Plato speaks of a siren sitting and singing on each planet; and Milton, in *Arcades*, mentions "celestial syrens' harmony that sits upon the nine enfolded spheres."

119. **Receiving**, ability or understanding.

120. **Cypress**, a thin material of gauze or crape, which is transparent.

123. **A grize**, or **grise**, a step. **Vulgar proof**, common proof, or common experience.

132. **Proper man**, handsome, fine-looking.

133. **Due west**, as the sun of his favor was setting. **Westward ho!** a call of watermen on the Thames, to let passengers know they were ready to start up the river. So *Eastward ho!* when ready to start down stream.

138. The meaning is, that you forget your rank in your love for a page.

139. **I think the same of you**, I forget your inferior position.

150. **Maugre**, in spite of.

152. **Extort**, deduce, or infer. **Clause**, statement.

153. **For that**, because.

SCENE 2.

18. **Dormouse**, sleeping.

25. **The north of my lady's opinion**, out of the sunshine of her favor.

26. **Dutchman's beard.** The Dutch were the great explorers at the end of the 16th century—especially of the North.

29. **I had as lief**, I would as willingly.

Brownist, a follower of Robert Brown, who separated himself from the English Church about 1580. The present Inde

pendents hold nearly the same religious views as the Brownists.

34. **Love-broker**, a person who deals or trades in love.

40. **Curst**, ill-tempered, crabbed, or cross-grained.

43. **If thou thou'st him.** *Thou* was employed offensively when used towards strangers who were not inferiors. For further particulars, see *Sh. Gr.*, §§ 231–33. In the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Edward Coke, the Attorney-General, addressed him as follows: "All that he did was by thy instigation, *thou* viper; for I *thou* thee, *thou* traitor, I will prove thee the rankest traitor in England."

45. **The bed of Ware**, a huge bed, some ten feet square, said to be big enough to hold twenty-four persons. It was to be seen at the Saracen's Head, in Ware, in Hertfordshire.

50. **The cubiculo**, room, or chamber.

58. **Hale**, drag.

59. **Blood in his liver.** A white liver, or one without blood, was a sign of cowardice.

63. **The youngest wren of nine**, another allusion to the small size of Maria. The wren lays nine or ten eggs, and those birds which are last hatched are the smallest.

64. **The spleen**, commonly used for (1) fit of anger, (2) inconstancy, (3) melancholy; but here used for (4) immoderate merriment.

68. **Impossible passages of grossness**, the utter folly that Maria has made Malvolio believe.

71. **Pedant** here means merely a schoolmaster.

75. **New map.** See Mr. Coote's paper (New Sh. Soc., 1878), and introductory remarks on internal evidence of date of the play, pp. 3, 4.

SCENE 3.

8. **Jealousy**, uneasiness, fear.

15. Many attempts have been made to correct this faulty line. Steevens' reading seems the best—"And thanks, and ever thanks; often good turns."

17. **Worth**, wealth.

24. **Do renown**, used transitively for do make renowned.

26. **The count his galleys.** His was used as sign for the possessive case—falsely supposed to be that of which *'s* is a contraction.

28. **It would scarce be answer'd**, I should find it difficult to give a satisfactory account of my conduct.

33. **Answer'd**, amends might have been made for it.

36. **Laps'd**, caught off my guard.

SCENE 4.

1. **He says he 'll come**, suppose he says he 'll come.
2. **Of him**, on him.
5. **Sad and civil**, sober, well-mannered.
53. **Midsummer madness**, the idea being that hot weather sometimes affected the brain.
62. **O ho, do you understand my manner now?** (triumphantly).
71. **Sir, gentleman. Limed**, ensnared, as birds are caught with birdlime.
73. **Fellow**, here companion, or equal. Not used offensively, as it sometimes is now.
75. **Adheres**, coheres.
75–76. **Dram of a scruple**, a pun upon *scruple*.
82. **In little**, in miniature.
86. **Private**, privacy.
107. **Bawcock**, a burlesque term of endearment, fine fellow, good fellow.
108. **Chuck**, a term of affection. So in *Othello*, iv. 2, 25, "Pray, chuck, come hither."
110. **Biddy**, probably another term of affection. This is the only place in which Shakespeare uses the word.
111. **Cherry-pit**, a game which consists of pitching cherry-stones into a hole.
112 **Collier**, a term of the greatest reproach.
115. **Minx**, a pert girl, or puppy. Shakespeare uses this word only twice elsewhere in his plays, and each time in *Othello*.
125-26. **Take air and taint**, become exposed by being talked about, and so spoilt.
129–30. **Dark room and bound**, the ordinary treatment of the time for lunatics.
136. **May morning**, May 1st, the season for sport and merriment of all kinds.
144. **Nor admire not.** *Admire* and *admiration* are used by Shakespeare in their classical sense of wonder, marvel.
148. **The law**, the law or rules of the duello, which were very ridiculous and precise in defining what was an insult which must end in a duel, and what might be passed over.
152. **Sense—less.** Down to the word *sense* is spoken out loud ; *less* is added aside.
158. **The windy side of the law**, so that the law cannot scent you, as a hound does the game.
162. **My hope is better.** Sir Andrew means that he hopes he will not be killed, and immediately require God's mercy.
167. **Commerce**, talk, common or familiar intercourse.

170. Bum-baily, a bailiff, or sheriff's officer, who followed in the rear and so perhaps got his name.

174. Approbation, ground for esteem.

182. Clodpole, blockhead, or thickskull.

188. Cockatrices, fabulous creatures, with the wings of a fowl, tail of a dragon, and head of a cock. So called because thought to be produced from a cock's egg hatched by a serpent. They had the power of killing with a glance of the eye.

190. Presently = immediately—in Shakespeare's day.

193. Out. The Folios have *on't*, the sense then being, Bestowed my honor too incautiously on a heart of stone. Theobald altered the reading to *out*.

200. Jewel, any precious ornament.

214. Despite, malice, defiance with contempt.

215–16. Dismount thy tuck, draw thy sword.

216. Yare, nimble, active, quick.

224. Withal, the emphatic form of *with*. Used for *with* after the object at the end of a sentence (*Sh. Gr.*, § 196).

226. An unhatched rapier is an unhacked rapier. A good instance is quoted by Mr. P. A. Daniel from Fletcher's *Knight of Malta*. iv. 5—

> "Unhardened with relentless thoughts; unhatch'd
> With blood and bloody practice."

Carpet consideration refers to the dubbing of what were called carpet knights, as distinguished from knights who had the honor conferred upon them on the field of battle.

230. None, the emphatic form of *no*, like *mine* of *my* (*Sh. Gr.*, § 53).

231. Hobnob, hit or miss, give or take, defiance.

233. Conduct, guard, or escort.

236. Quirk, shift, or cavil. Viola means this is a caviller.

245. This courteous office as to know. We say, *Such* courteous, etc.

262. Sir priest. In ancient times, *Sir* was a common title of those priests who had taken their *first* degree in the University. That this title was quite distinct from knighthood is plain from what Viola says, "I am one that would rather go with sir priest than sir knight." The imaginary curate in this play is consequently called Sir Topas.

265. Firago, a corruption of *virago*, a woman with the swaggering airs of a man.

266. Stuck, a corruption of *stoccata*, an Italian term in fencing.

268. Pays you, hits you.

277. Motion, proposal.

283. He is as horribly conceited of him, he has as horrid a conception of him.

289. **Supportance**, support, or vindication.
306. **Undertaker**, one who undertakes, or takes up another's quarrel or business.
333. **My having**, fortune or possessions.
334. **My present**, money on hand.
356. **Unkind**, unnatural.
358. **O'erflourish'd**, chests richly ornamented with scroll-work, common in Elizabeth's time.
363. **So do not I**, I do not yet believe myself when from this accident I gather hope of my brother's life.
369. **Yet living.** The meaning is, that every time she looks in her glass she thinks she sees her brother.
371. **Still in this fashion.** *Still* in Shakespeare invariably has the sense of constantly, or ever.
375. **Than a hare**, than a hare is.
379. **'Slid**, God's eyelid.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.

15. **Cockney.** A term of reproach applied to a vagabond who hung about a kitchen of a large mansion, for the sake of what he could get to eat.
18. **Foolish Greek**, a proverbial expression for *boon companion*.
23. **After fourteen years' purchase**, at fourteen times the annual rent—a high price for land.
39. **Well fleshed**, well accustomed to fight.
44. **Malapert**, impudent.
51. **Rudesby**, rude, rough fellow.
53. **Extent** is in law a writ of execution, whereby goods are seized for the king (at their *extended* value). It is therefore taken here for violence in general.
59. **Heart**, etc., another pun upon the words *heart* and *hart*.
62. **Lethe**, the river of forgetfulness, one of the four in Hades.

SCENE 2.

4. **Dissemble myself**, disguise, or cloak myself.
5. **Dissembled**, played the part of a hypocrite.
10. **Competitors**, confederates, colleagues.
12–13. **Old hermit of Prague**, etc., a satire on the pedantry of the day.
14. **Gorboduc**, an ancient British king, subject of the first

English tragedy (published 1565), which was called *Gorboduc; or, Ferrex and Porrex.* Its authors were Sackville and Norton.

17. **Sir Topas**, the topas, or topaz, was supposed in former times to be a remedy for madness. Note how appropriate, then, is the name for the imaginary curate.

33. **That house.** The Clown calling the room a house is all in keeping with the imaginary bay-windows and clear-stories which follow.

36. **Barricadoes**, barricades.

47. **Constant question**, regular conversation.

61. **I am for all waters.** The Clown is complimented by Sir Toby for personating Sir Topas so exquisitely; to which he replies that he can put on all colors, alluding to the word *topaz*, which is the name of a jewel, and was also that of the Curate.

70. **"Hey, Robin, jolly Robin."** This ballad is to be found in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry.*

83. **Beside**, or *besides*, means out of, especially of any mental state; so our common expression *beside oneself.*

88. **Propertied me**, treated me as a tool.

92. **Malvolio, Malvolio.** The Clown now adopts the tone and voice of the imaginary Sir Topas.

93-94. **Bibble babble**, intensive reduplication of *babble.* Cp. *tittle tattle*, *pit-pat*, idle or empty talk, prating. A word in common use in the sixteenth century (MURRAY'S *New English Dictionary*).

96. **Maintain no words.** Spoken as Sir Topas.

97. **Who, I, sir?** As the Clown.

98. **Marry, amen.** As Sir Topas. **I will, sir, I will.** As the Clown, and as if he had received a whispered order from Sir Topas.

101. **Shent**, scolded, reproved.

120. **In a trice**, in a moment. The hour was divided into minutes, seconds, and *trices*, or thirds.

121. **Vice**, one of the characters in the old moral plays or allegories. In them the performers personated such characters as Mercy, Virtue, Vice, etc. The latter character used to make sport of the devil, beating him and paring his nails with a wooden dagger.

SCENE 3.

6. **Credit**, belief, this thing believed. Possibly *credit* is written for *credited.*

15. **Trust**, belief.

24. **Chantry**, a chapel endowed to support a priest, or priests, to chant masses daily for the founder when dead.

26. It should be remarked that this was not an actual mar-

riage, but a betrothing, affiancing, or solemn promise of future marriage, anciently distinguished by the name of espousal. See Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare.*

28. A foot or syllable can be omitted when there is any marked pause, whether arising from (1) emotion, (2) antithesis, (3) parenthesis, (4) merely from the introduction of a relative clause, or even a new statement (*Sh. Gr.*, § 508).

ACT V.

SCENE I.

18. **Abused**, used ill.

Conclusions. Coleridge explains this passage thus: "The humor lies in the whispered *No* and the inviting *Don't* with which the maiden's kisses are accompanied, and thence compared to negatives which by repetition constitute an affirmative."

29. **Your grace.** There is a play upon the words *your grace* (as title of a duke), just as there is a play upon the word *double-dealing.*

30. **It**, the evil counsel of double-dealing.

31. **So much a sinner to be.** Note the omission of *as.*

34. **Triplex**, triple time in music.

37–38. **At this throw**, at this cast of the dice.

50. **Bawbling**, trifling, paltry.

51. **Unprizable.** According to *Sh. Gr.*, "Not able to be made a prize of, or captured." Possibly, valueless if captured; or, on the other hand, possibly of great value, owing to its shallow draught and handiness in the fight.

52. **Scathful**, harmful, injurious.

53. **Bottom**, ship. Especially, the hull of a merchant vessel.

57. **Fraught.** Our noun is *freight*, but Shakespeare uses *fraught* as a noun. **From**, supply *on her return*, or *coming.* **Candy**, Candia.

60. **Desperate of shame and state**, destitute of shame, and not caring for his position.

67. **Dear**, a word used to express intensity.

87. **Recommended**, given into his charge.

114. **The Egyptian thief.** The story is that of Thyamis, a native of Memphis, who at the head of a band of robbers had seized Theagenes and Chariclea, and had fallen in love with the latter. Being attacked by another band of robbers, he shut her up in a cave along with his treasures, until despairing of safety he attempted to murder her.

121. **Minion**, favorite, servile flatterer.

143. **Strangle thy propriety**, suppress thy personal identity.

161. **Case**, skin, used contemptuously.

167. **Little.** *A* is omitted before *little*, where we commonly place it in the sense of *some* (*Sh. Gr.*, § 86).

169. **Presently**, immediately, at once.

178. **Incardinate**, he means *incarnate*.

180. **'Od's lifelings**, by God's life. *'Od's* is frequently followed by a sort of diminutive of this kind.

190. **Othergates**, otherwise, in a different way.

195. **Were set**, fixed with a glassy stare, owing to the effect of drink.

196–97. **Passy measures pavin.** Not needful to find meaning in a drunken man's speech, but perhaps Sir Toby is calling the Surgeon a grave, solemn coxcomb in giving him the name of a formal dance which he disliked. *Passy measure* is probably *passamezzo*, a slow step.

202. **An ass-head**, etc., epithets obviously applied to Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

211. **So late ago** seems to be a combination of *so lately* and *so short a time ago* (*Sh. Gr.*, § 411).

213. **A natural perspective.** In a pleated paper and table furrowed or indented, one picture represents several faces. Viewed from one place or standing, it shows the head of a man, and from another, the head of an ass. Thus that which is, is not, or in a different position appears like another thing.

223. **Deity**, etc., power, which God only possesses, of being everywhere.

226. **Of charity**, an ellipse of *for the sake of charity*.

230. **Suited**, dressed.

233. **Dimension**, bodily shape.

234. **Which.** Supply *in* before *which*.

235. **As the rest goes even**, as other things harmonize or agree.

248. **Cohere and jump**, coincide and agree exactly.

256. **Bias.** Taken from bowls, which have a certain construction to make them run obliquely. So figuratively, inclination, leaning, tendency, swaying, influence (See MURRAY'S *New English Dictionary*).

267. **Orbed continent the fire**, the sun.

274. **Enlarge him**, set him at large, or at liberty.

277. **Extracting frenzy**, a frenzy that drew me away from everything but its own object—her love for Cessario.

284. **It skills not much**, it doesn't signify much.

290. **You must allow Vox.** The Clown had probably begun to read the letter in a very loud tone. Being reprimanded by his mistress, he justifies himself by saying, "If you would

have it read as such a mad epistle ought to be read, you must permit me to assume a frantic tone" (MALONE).

311. **On't,** of it—the double character of sister and wife.

312. **Proper cost,** personal expense.

325. **From it,** differently from it.

336. **Geck,** fool, dupe.

345. **Pass'd upon thee,** played upon thee.

354. **Upon,** because of.

356. **Importance,** importunity. It was Maria, however, who concocted the whole scheme, without any instigation from Sir Toby.

359. **Pluck on,** draw on, cause.

365. **Interlude,** a short performance between the acts of a play, or between the play and the afterpiece.

369. **The whirligig of Time,** a toy which can be spun or whirled round. Here the meaning is time, which revolves and brings round the seasons.

374. **Convents,** calls us together again.

381. **When that.** We say *when*. Cp. *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 2, 96, "When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept."

381. **And** is explained in *Sh. Gr.*, § 96, "When that I was a little, and that a very little tiny boy." Cp. this song with a verse sung by the Fool in *King Lear*, iii. 2—

> "He that has and a little tiny wit—
> With hey. ho, the wind and the rain—
> Must make content with his fortunes fit,
> Though the rain it raineth every day."

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